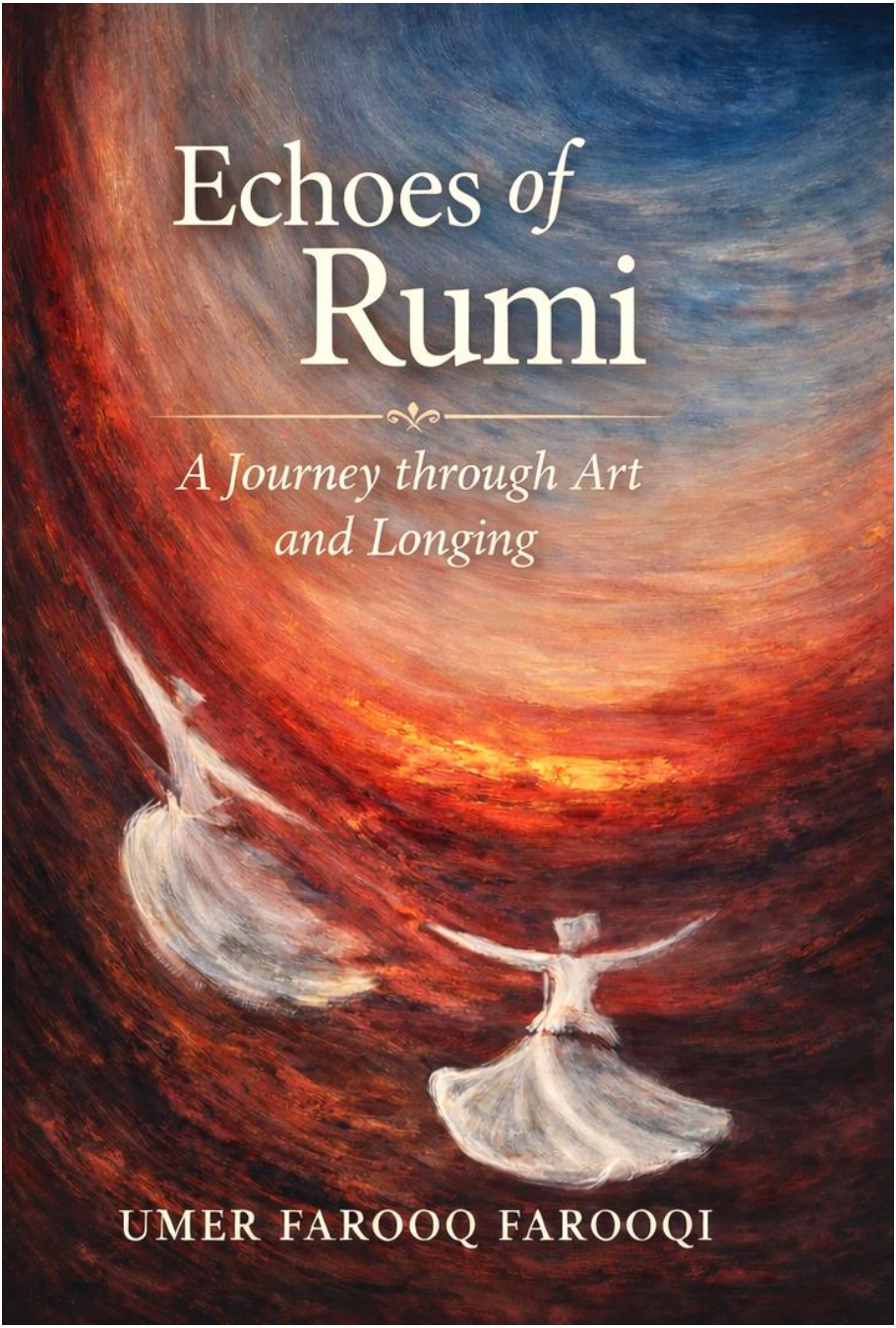
Echoes of Rumi
A Journey through Art and Longing
UMER FAROOQ FAROOQI

“Echoes of Rumi”

A Journey through art and Longing

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Dedication.

In the name of my محترم father, Professor Dr. Muhammad Shafique Farooqi.

In whose hands there was a brush, yet within his heart resided an infinite universe.

Every stroke you made was not merely a line upon canvas, but a window opening into unseen worlds; and every color carried a silent yet profound whisper from eternity. It was through you that I came to understand that art is not the observation of the eye, but the unveiling of the soul—a state that can be felt, yet can never be fully contained within words.

Your paintings were my first school. In their presence, I learned the language of silence, discovered the meaning of longing, and sensed the light hidden behind the veil of darkness. In each of your canvases, the warmth of love and the radiance of truth shimmer as if the heart itself were bearing witness.

And it was through this very light of art that, for the first time, I heard the echo of the soul of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi—
a call that draws the heart back to its origin.

This book, in truth, is a continuation of the journey you began in silence. For me, it is not merely a collection of words, but a humble offering of gratitude for the insight, love, and light you bestowed upon me.

In the name of my beloved wife, Tasneem Gul Naz—
Whose unwavering love has been a sanctuary of peace, where my soul can breathe freely.

You have embraced me with all my questions, my doubts, my desires, and my silences. Your presence has reflected patience, kindness, and devotion—reminding me that love is both a refuge and a path.

You have walked beside me on this journey not only as a companion, but as a living proof of the truths that Rumi speaks of: when longing meets love, the heart is transformed.

This book is for both of you—
my father, my inspiration;
my wife, my heart.

It is through your love, guidance, and patience that I have been able to hear Rumi's voice more clearly, to feel the fire of Shams Tabrizi, and to give words to the longing that lives within every soul.

Umer Farooq Farooqi
March 2026, Islamabad

Preface

"The wound is the place where the light enters the soul."

This book, *Bazgasht-e-Rumi (Echoes of Rumi)*, is not merely a collection of words, it is a silent journey; a journey that begins with writing but descends into the depths of the heart. Its beginning was not marked by noise or proclamation, but by a moment of stillness, when the eternal voice of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi came to rest somewhere within me.

What began as simple curiosity slowly transformed into a reflection, and that reflection gradually became a part of my being—until I found myself no longer an observer, but a character within the story itself.

One day, I found myself in the presence of Rumi—as if time had paused and the air itself had dissolved into silence. I listened, I felt, and his words began to descend into me. Then he said: *One day is not enough; if you wish to witness truth, remain with me for forty days—for where words end, reality begins to speak.*

And so, I stayed forty days and forty nights losing myself in his world: in his words, in his silence, and in the fire of Shams Tabrizi, a fire that transforms a mere being into a lover.

It was then I understood that Rumi does not speak to the mind, he whispers to the heart. He touches those hidden corners where even we seldom dare to go. In confusion, he became a mirror; in silence, a confidant; and in longing, a path.

This journey was not shaped by words alone. My father's colors taught me that what is unseen is often what is truly seen, that on his canvas, silence speaks, and light is born from darkness. My wife's love became a prayer for me, a prayer that is accepted without words and in her presence, I came to understand that love is not merely a refuge, but a path, a light, and a doorway that leads one back to oneself.

And then I realized: longing is not a lack,it is a call; a fire that awakens the soul.

Within these pages, you will not find mere writings—you will encounter silence, dialogue, and moments where you may come face to face with yourself. This book is not an attempt to explain Rumi, but a reflection of the touch his words left within me and perhaps, a faint echo of that touch may reach you as well.

If even a single line finds its way into your heart, if even a single moment compels you to pause and reflect, then this journey has fulfilled its purpose.

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Chapter 14 :- The Eternal Journey — Where the End Becomes the Beginning

Wāw and Alif: The Secret of Surrender.

A human being grows in the mother's womb in the form of a *Wāw*, curved, folded, and bowed, and enters this world in that same humbled posture. As he grows, he begins to straighten himself, gradually imagining that he has become an *Alif*, upright and self-standing.

Yet the truth remains: a human being, throughout his life, is nothing but a *Wāw*, bent, dependent, and humble.

For when a human being becomes completely straight like an *Alif*, he has already departed from this world.

This is why the secret of devotion lies within the *Wāw*, while the *Alif* symbolizes divinity, oneness, and the Absolute Reality.

Even the blessed name of Allah begins with *Alif*, for *Alif* is the key to existence, and *Wāw* is the reflection of the entire cosmos.

Allah desires to see His servants like the *Wāw*, humble, broken in ego, and surrendered.

When Hazrat Ibrahim (AS) was cast into the fire, he remained like a *Wāw*, bowed in complete submission.

While Nimrod, in the arrogance of *Alif*, mistook himself for a god.

When Hazrat Yunus (AS)found refuge within the belly of the whale, it too was the embrace of *Wāw*.

In the mother's womb, a human rest in peace, curved like a *Wāw*.

But in the grave, when he lies stretched and straight,

is he in that same peace?

This is the difference between surrender and ego.

The stronger the relationship between *Wāw* and *Alif*,

the more balanced the universe remains.

In the beginning, all was *Alif*,
and when the Divine command came,
it unfolded into *Wāw*.

A Memory of Childhood: A Painter and His Son

If there was anything truly alive in the silent streets of my childhood, it was color, breathing, whispering, scattering its stories across the canvas. In a corner of our home stood a studio, not merely a place but a world in itself, a world both deep and luminous, where light would slowly descend upon the walls like a prayer, and every shadow held within it a hidden secret.

There, my father, Shafique Farooqi, would create a universe through colors, one that was less seen and more deeply felt. In his hands, the brush was not just a tool but a language, a medium through which he expressed what words could never fully touch. I would often watch him in silence, like a child witnessing a miracle unfold, yet still far from understanding its truth.

Perhaps it was in those very moments that my journey began, quietly, without proclamation, yet forever. I would sit on the ground and observe him, the movement of his hands, the flow of the brush upon the canvas, and a strange certainty hidden within every stroke. At that time, I understood neither art nor its depth, yet somewhere within my heart, it was all being preserved, as though something was being written inside me.

With time, I began to realize that this was not merely his personal journey, but a lineage, a legacy, one that had reached him and was now being transferred into me. My grandfather, Habibullah Farooqi, was a man of faith, whose life was rooted in knowledge, spirituality, and devotion. The light, the serenity, and the inner knowing within him were perhaps the very seeds that passed into my father, and then into me.

My father was not only a painter but also a master calligrapher. In his hands, letters did not remain mere forms, they became alive with spirit. Each letter was a remembrance, an act of devotion, a silent prayer written not on paper, but upon the heart. When he wrote the names of Allah, they ceased to be words and became light. It felt as though he was not writing, but remembering, recalling a connection that existed before language itself.

Perhaps it was this very connection that gradually drew him toward Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi, where words are not spoken but felt.

In 1981, he departed for the United States, and later, through different lands, eventually settled in Turkey.

We remained connected through letters. Each letter was not merely written words, but a bond, a guidance that transformed distance into closeness. I still remember how, whenever one of his letters arrived, I

did not simply read it, I experienced it. In every sentence, there was direction, a quiet guidance. I would read them again and again, as if something lived between the lines, something beyond words, a message, a nurturing that continued to unfold with time.

During his stay in Turkey, he completed his MSc, a testament to his continuous seeking and his deep devotion to both knowledge and art. Wherever he went, he continued to learn, and wherever he paused, he deepened himself, as if every journey was not expanding his outer world, but his inner one.

Then, in 1999, when he returned from Turkey, there was a new state within him, a new light. The same hands, the same colors, yet this time there was a depth unlike before, as though he had returned from an inner journey. This transformation was visible in his art as well, and it was during this period that he began working on the Whirling Dervishes.

Now he no longer used a brush. He made his hands the brush itself. When he painted Rumi, he did not wish for anything to stand between himself and that presence. The colors would travel directly from his hands onto the canvas, as if he were touching that state itself and transferring it into form.

Each whirling dervish was not merely a figure, but a state of surrender, of love, and of that journey which lifts a human being beyond himself into another reality.

With this transformation, another longing awakened within him. Now he wished to write a book on Rumi. He would sit with friends and people of thought, sharing ideas, exploring directions for this work. I would often be present in those gatherings, listening silently. Whenever he spoke of Rumi, a light would descend within him, as though a lamp had been lit somewhere deep inside.

In 2003, we compiled a book on Rumi (The Tale of Drunken Flute in Whirling Dervishes). It was not merely a book, it was a journey. It included more than 250 paintings from my father's Whirling Dervish series, each image a state, a circle, a secret.

And in this journey of seeking, he himself became part of the path, a path where questions slowly dissolve into answers, and a human being becomes the very search he once pursued.

The First Whisper

"What you are seeking is also seeking you."

There are moments in life that arrive wrapped in silence, without sound, without announcement, without any sign, yet they leave behind an imprint that never fades. In that moment, we are not even aware that something within us is changing, something is awakening, something that ensures we will never remain the same again.

My journey with Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi did not begin with noise, nor with any grand event. It was born quietly within the stillness of an ordinary day, a day filled with tasks, responsibilities, and the simple exchange of words. Life was flowing in its familiar rhythm, as if time had placed me in a gentle confinement where everything was fine, yet nothing was complete.

Somewhere in the hidden corners of my heart, there was a silent emptiness. There was no pain, no restlessness, only a faint incompleteness, like an unfinished breath, as if the soul was waiting for an unspoken call. I was living, yet life was not entering me. I was moving, yet not toward any destination, only circling within the patterns of habit.

And then, without anything outwardly changing, everything began to change.

This change was not outside. It was a knock upon a deep inner door, a knock that is not heard but only felt. That was the moment my journey began, a journey toward a forgotten truth within myself.

Then a silent moment arrived, like a gentle breeze touching the soul, like unseen strings within being softly stirred. In that moment, I encountered the words of Rumi:

"Why do you search for me outside, when I am within you, waiting for you?"

I do not remember which book those words came from, nor the page on which they were written, but I know exactly where they descended.

They settled in that place within my heart where even I had never reached.

A place where a person lets go of identity, becomes free from name, empties himself of success and failure, and only a quiet truth remains.

There, there are no questions, only a single awareness, that I was never truly my own.

Perhaps this realization is the first doorway to love, a love that takes a person away from what he believed himself to be, and entrusts him to his true essence, to his true Beloved.

There, a person does not end.
There, for the first time, he becomes complete.

Those words did not shock me, nor did they astonish me. They left within me a soft unease, as if someone had gently knocked on a long-closed door of my heart, touching a place whose existence I myself had never known. I read that sentence again and again, not to understand it, but to feel it, like a thirst that could not be named.

That night, when the world had descended into deep sleep, as if time itself had surrendered to silence and everything had dissolved into an unknown calm, those words were not like lamps within me, but like stars, neither distant nor near, shining across the sky of my being. They were awake within my breath, within the rhythm of my heart, as if an unseen secret was on the verge of revealing itself.

I sat in silence, yet this silence was not empty. It was a presence so full that words dissolved within it and meaning revealed itself on its own. It felt as though I was not sitting, but being made to sit. I was not listening, but being made to hear. For the first time, I

did not try to escape this silence, nor did I feel the urge to break it. I allowed myself to flow into it, to surrender, like a drop that does not lose itself in the ocean, but finds its origin within it.

In that moment, I did not lose myself.
For the first time, I was freed from myself.

There was something within that silence.

Something alive.
Something luminous.
Something calling me closer,
like a gentle light glowing within the darkness.

In the days that followed, I found myself returning to Rumi again and again. This was not a habit. It was an inner pull. His words were no longer poetry. They had become a dialogue, one that spoke not through language, but through the heart.

Then one evening, time seemed to pause.

I was standing before one of my father's paintings. I had seen it countless times before. It had always been there, like a quiet part of the wall, like a silent presence in my life. But that day, the painting had changed, or perhaps I had changed.

I stood before it for a long time.

There was a silence within it, yet it was not empty. It was speaking. The strokes of the brush were no longer lines, they were emotions, breathing, moving. The empty spaces were no longer void, they were filled with meaning, as if something had been written there beyond sight.

And suddenly, I felt the same state that lived within Rumi's words.

An intensity, an unseen presence, a message that did not depend on language. That moment was not noise. It was a vibration that entered the heart and slowly unfolded into understanding. In that instant, I realized that my father had been saying all of this for years, and only now had I become capable of hearing it. I had always seen his art, but I had never listened to it. Now it felt as if the painting was looking at me, as if it had been waiting for me to awaken.

The words of Rumi and the colors of my father were not separate. They were reflections of the same truth, one expressed in sound and the other in silence, and both reached my heart at the same moment. I could not fully understand it, but I felt it deeply.

That night, I sat alone for a long time, with no distractions, only myself and that feeling which cannot be contained in words. For the first time, I allowed myself to feel, without explanation, without fear.

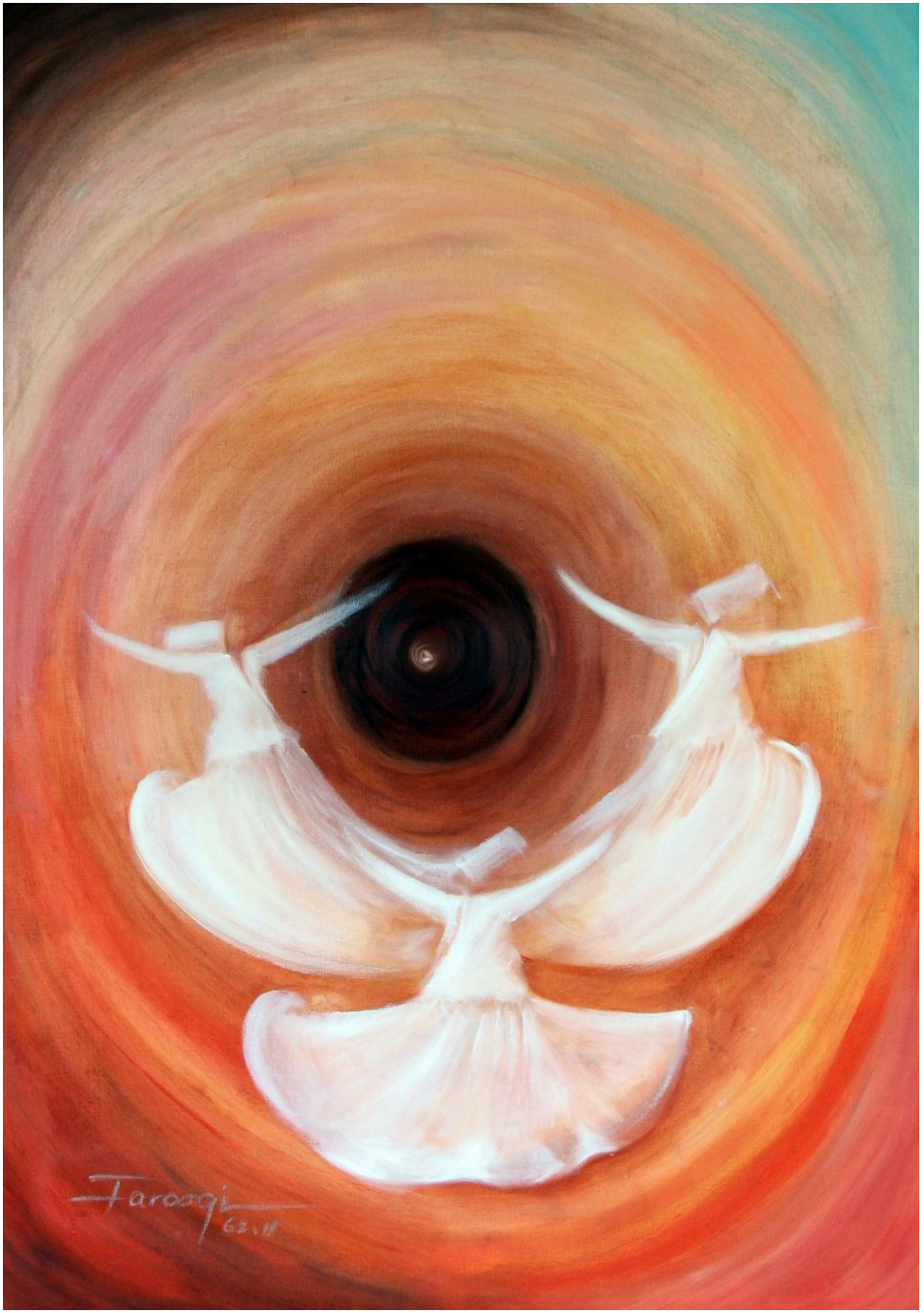
There was a softness in that moment, and a gentle ache, as if realizing that something precious had always been near, yet I had never turned toward it. I remembered my father, his silence, his patience, his art, and wondered if this was truly the beginning, or if the journey had begun long ago, through him, within me.

A sense of gratitude descended into my heart, along with humility, because that night I came to know a simple truth: not everything needs to be understood. Some things are only meant to be felt, slowly, quietly, in their own time.

This was the first whisper. It did not give me answers, but it opened a door within me, a door beyond which I began to experience myself in a new way.

I learned to see beyond words, to listen beyond sound, and to feel beyond form. My journey with Rumi did not begin with understanding. It began with a touch, a whisper, a moment where poetry and painting met, and settled within me forever.

And in that moment, I knew
I was no longer the same.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The Inner Call of the Heart

"Why do you remain entangled in this or that, in good or bad? Reflect for a moment on how everything dissolves into one another."

After the first whisper, life did not suddenly change. The world remained the same, with the same pace, the same demands, and the same expectations. I continued to live my days as before, fulfilling responsibilities, meeting people, making decisions. Outwardly, nothing had changed, yet within, something had begun to shift, slowly and quietly. This change did not arrive with noise, nor was it a restlessness that destroys peace. It was something that questioned.

I began to pause in moments where I once rushed past. I stayed longer in silence, observed more, spoke less. It felt as though something within me was gently pulling me, not away from life, but toward seeing it for the first time as it truly is. The words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi had not left me. They had settled within me, and now they had begun to ask questions, questions I had never asked myself.

I began to wonder, what am I truly seeking? If everything appears complete outwardly, why does this search remain within? What is this longing that has no name? These questions did not arrive in haste. They

came slowly, as if a voice was waiting for me to become ready to listen.

At times, I tried to ignore them. I told myself that this was just a phase, a passing thought. But no matter how much I tried to return to my old rhythm, that feeling remained, quietly following me. In conversations, I became less aware of spoken words and more aware of what remained unspoken. In moments of success, there was satisfaction, yet not fulfillment. And in moments of silence, there was something deeper, something I could not yet name.

One evening, I sat before one of my father's paintings. It was no longer a habit. It had become a silent ritual. I would sit there, sometimes for a few moments, sometimes longer, without analysis, without thought, simply present.

That day, something was different.

The painting was not reflecting a feeling.
It had become the feeling itself.

There was a tension between stillness and movement,
a silent dialogue between form and emptiness.

And within that dialogue,
I saw myself.

I began placing many of my father's paintings in my home and office. They were no longer decoration. They became a presence, a silent companionship. I would sit before them, pause, and gradually begin to converse with them without words, without sound.

It was a strange kind of dialogue,
where I spoke less,
and listened more.

Each painting seemed to say something, to reveal something, and at times to awaken questions within me, questions whose answers I had to seek within myself.

With time, this feeling deepened. I realized that I was not merely looking at them. I was connecting with them. They were not just images, but living states, something that stayed with me, spoke to me, and transformed me.

For the first time, I experienced my life in two dimensions, one that is seen, and one that is only felt. I understood then that this unease was not confusion. It was a call, an invitation, drawing me inward, beyond appearances, away from searching outside, toward seeing within.

This realization did not bring immediate clarity, but it brought truth. I could no longer pretend that everything was complete. There was still so much to understand, to feel, to discover. And strangely, this did not feel like a burden.

Instead of resisting this inner call, I began to accept it. I started giving myself moments of silence, not out of obligation, but out of an inner need. I began to read Rumi, not as poetry, but as a companion. His words were no longer something I read. They began to walk with me. Sometimes a single line would remain with me

for an entire day, not because I understood it, but because it understood me.

Now when I look within myself, I feel a strange paradox. Before Rumi, I believed I knew much. I had words, thoughts, and a certainty that I understood. But after Rumi, it feels as though I have nothing.

Even though I wrote a book on Rumi, completed it, and shared it with others, something unexpected arose within me. It felt as though I had said everything, yet nothing had truly been said. As if writing had not filled me, but emptied me.

What I had written now appeared to me as only words, beautiful, yet without foundation.

And within that emptiness, a new truth emerged.

I had to begin again.

From the beginning.

What remained now was not knowledge.
It was a feeling.
A silence.
An emptiness that was not empty,
but making space for something greater.

And perhaps
this is the true beginning.

Slowly, a secret began to unfold within me. The answers I was searching for were not meant to be found instantly. They were meant to be lived. This inner voice did not ask me to change in a single moment. It asked me to become familiar with myself, to see what had always remained unseen, to feel what I had ignored for years, and to listen, not to the noise of the world, but to the silent voice of my own being that had always been calling me.

In this listening, I felt a transformation within myself. I became more present, in moments, in breaths, in silence. Patience began to grow within me like the roots of a tree. I started sensing the spaces between things, where words end and meaning is born.

My connection with my father's art deepened as well. What was once appreciation becoming inner understanding. There was a stillness in his focus, and within his wordless expression, there was a language, one that is never spoken, only felt. Every line, every color, every silent gesture carried within it a complete story.

He was not merely creating art.
He was responding to a call within himself.

And now, I had begun to do the same.

There was a strange closeness in this realization, not only with him, but with the truth that connected us

both. This inner call was no longer distant. It was here, alive, gentle, constant. It did not force me, yet it did not allow me to remain the same.

Perhaps this is the nature of every true call.

It does not shout.
It whispers.

Until you are ready to listen.

And once you truly hear it,
there is no turning back.

After the first whisper, a strange state settled within me, something not fully understood, yet impossible to ignore. During those days, I found myself drawn toward my father, as if an unseen force was pulling me closer to him. I would sit with him, spend time with him, and watch his art.

The movement of his hands, the flow of colors, the world emerging upon the canvas, nothing felt the same anymore. Perhaps the art was the same, but my vision had changed. Every line seemed to carry something hidden. Every color seemed to speak a state. I was no longer just seeing. I had begun to listen.

Gradually, I realized that what existed in Rumi's words was also present in my father's colors. These were not two separate paths. They were two expressions of the

same truth. One flowed through words, the other emerged through silence.

I would stand before those paintings, sometimes for moments, sometimes longer, and within that stillness, something would descend into me. A dialogue had begun, wordless yet complete.

Then a time came when I felt that I was no longer reading Rumi. I was sitting with him. This was not imagination, nor a thought. It was a state, a presence that could not be seen, yet could be felt. I was not alone, yet no one was visible beside me.

And then, one day, I found myself in a room. The room was silent.

A Room, Mawlana Jalal ad Din Muhammad Rumi and I

The room was silent.
No sound, no movement.
Only a soft light coming through the window rested upon the floor.

I was not alone.
In front of me, he was sitting—
Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi.

There was a depth in his eyes,
as if time itself had paused there.

For a while, I remained silent.
There was a strange state in my heart:
peace… wonder… and an unknown longing.

At last, I gathered courage.
I looked towards him. There was a strange feeling in my heart… neither fear, nor surprise… only a quiet yearning, as if the soul was knocking on a door.

Farooqi
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“Mawlana…” I asked softly,
“Who were you before Shams Tabrizi came?”

He smiled, a smile that carried both the weariness of time and the light of eternity.

“I was a teacher,” he said gently,
“a keeper of words… a guardian of knowledge. People came to me for answers, and I gave them what I knew. I recognized the path… but I did not know how to burn within it.”

After a pause, I asked,
“Did Shams change your knowledge… or your heart?”

He closed his eyes, as if seeing an inner light.

“Knowledge was a veil, and my heart was asleep behind it. Shams gave me nothing… he took away everything I thought I was, and then introduced me to my true self.”

The atmosphere of the room was no longer heavy… it had become sacred.

I asked softly,
“And when Shams came… what changed?”

He took a deep breath, then spoke slowly,

“Not everything… rather, the ‘I’ disappeared. Shams did not teach me, Shams erased me. Shams did not give

answers, but took me beyond questions into silence. Shams did not show me God… he dissolved me into Him."

A tremor ran through me.

I asked hesitantly,
"Did you feel fear?"

He smiled,
"Yes… because the ego fears anything that destroys it. But what breaks is false, and what remains… is Truth."

"Was your love for Shams human… or divine?"

He remained silent for a moment, then said:

"Love always begins with a face…
but its end is faceless.
Shams was a doorway.
Through him, I reached
the One who is everywhere."

Silence had now become audible.

"Did Shams complete you?"

He looked into my eyes, as if veils were being lifted.

"No…
he shattered me.

And in that breaking,
I realized I was never separate.

Perfection is not achieved,
it is revealed when the ‘I’ disappears.”

I asked,
“What was the most difficult thing?”

He said softly:

“To let go of that illusion
which I called ‘myself.’

It is easy to become a scholar,
to become a lover is annihilation.

And Truth
descends only into that heart
which becomes empty of itself.”

I asked again,
“And when Shams left?”

He fell silent… but this silence was not empty; it carried the fire of separation.

“He did not leave,” he said,
“He disappeared from form
and became reality within me.

Yes, the heart broke,
but in that breaking a door opened
where separation becomes union.”

I asked,
“Why did you write poetry in pain?”

He said:

“When Truth knocks upon the heart,
it cannot remain silent.

If pain transforms into love,
it is no longer words,
it becomes remembrance.”

I asked,
“Who was Shams for you?”

Rumi half-opened his eyes:

“He was not merely a mirror…
but a manifestation of divine unveiling,
where my being vanished
and Truth revealed itself.”

I said,
“Was Shams a human… or a mystery?”

Rumi smiled and replied:

“In form, a human,
but in reality, an eternal secret.
Whoever limits him to form
remains unaware of his essence.”

I asked,
“Why is there this feeling of separation?”

Rumi’s voice softened:

“This is not separation…
this is the continuity of presence.

What settles within the inner being
is untouched by separation.
It remains in union at every moment.”

I asked,
“What did Shams give you?”

Rumi said softly:

“He annihilated my ego,
and made me aware of my true essence.

This was not a gift,
it was the lifting of a veil.”

I asked,
“Does every seeker find their Shams?”

Rumi said gently:

“When a seeker becomes complete in self-negation,
and the veils of ego are lifted,
then Shams is not found,
he is revealed.

Because Shams is not outside…
he has always been waiting within you.”

The room fell silent again.

But this time, the question was not for him—
it arose from the depths of my own being,
as if the soul itself had begun its search.

“Mawlana…
how do I change my life?”

He did not answer immediately.
He simply looked at me, as if reading not my face but the layers of my inner being.

Then he said softly:

“Do not try to change your life…
life is only a shadow.

Change the source, change the heart,
and the shadow will change on its own.”

I trembled within.

“You are not lost because you do not know the path…
you are lost because you have bound yourself
to things that do not belong to your soul.

You have clothed yourself
in an identity that is not yours.”

I asked helplessly,
“Then what should I do?”

He said gently:

“Let go…

But remember,
letting go is not the act of hands,
it is the annihilation of the heart.

Let go of the identity you created.
Let go of your fears,
for they keep you away from truth.

Let go of control,
because truth cannot be controlled,
it can only be experienced.

Transformation does not come through effort…
it is born in the moment
you surrender yourself
to the One who knows you better than you know
yourself."

I said softly,
"I don't know where to begin…"

He smiled and said:

"You are searching for a beginning…
but you are the beginning.

Stay where you are…
and for the first time, speak truth to yourself.

Listen to the voice of your heart
that you have always suppressed.

Sit in silence…
but sink into that silence
where your 'I' begins to dissolve.

And do not run from the longing within you…
it is not restlessness,
it is the call of Truth within you.”

I asked with a trembling voice,
“What if I fail?”

He smiled again, but this time there was a deep mystery in it.

“Failure?
That word belongs only to the one
who believes they are separate.

In this path, every fall is a bowing,
and every bowing brings you closer to Him.

You will fall… again and again,
because what is falling is your illusion.

But listen…
returning is the true worship.

The one who returns every time
is never lost.”

I fell silent…

But this silence was no longer dark.
There was a soft light within it,
as if a door had opened inside me,
and for the first time,
I was not moving closer to myself…
but closer to Him.

I spent one day with him,
yet within that single day,
a thirst awakened in me
that refused to fade.

Before leaving, I said,
“I want to stay with you… I want to learn.”

He smiled, as if he already knew, and said:

“One day is not enough. Stay a few more days… then you will see more, feel more.”

And so, I stayed.

The cold air of Konya carried a strange subtlety,
as if every breeze held a silent secret.

Mornings were wrapped in mist,
and nights breathed in the soft light of remembrance.

The walls of the lodge seemed silent,
yet within that silence a deep dialogue was unfolding—
the gentle steps of dervishes, their turning movement,
and a warmth descending into hearts
that made even the cold feel like worship.

One day, I sat before him in silence.

Outside, snow was falling quietly.
The cold surrounded everything,
yet inside me, a strange warmth spread—

as if his presence was transferring something into me…
something beyond words.

In that moment, I understood:
true warmth does not come from fire,
but from presence.

During those days,
I asked him many questions—
sometimes in words,
sometimes only through my gaze.

And the astonishing thing was—
he answered every question.

Sometimes with words,
sometimes with silence,
and sometimes with a single glance
that entered the heart
and revealed meaning on its own.

One night, I saw him in *sama*… the same turning, the same ecstasy, the same dance immersed in annihilation… and suddenly I remembered those scenes my father had painted, which I once considered only as art.

In that moment, I felt that I was seeing the same thing that he had once seen in Konya. Only then did I begin to understand what state my father had passed through when he was in Konya, and what condition he was trying to capture within his colors.

I said:
“What is the end of love?”

Rumi’s voice carried depth:

“The end of love is not an end—
it is the beginning of that reality
where you lose yourself
and gain everything.”

I: I feel lost in the noise of the world. How can I find silence?

Rumi: Sit silently. Stop running. In silence, the world speaks in a language your mind cannot hear, but your heart will understand.

I asked:
“How can I love without the fear of losing?”

Rumi smiled… and said:

“To step into love is not to weaken yourself,
but to surrender yourself to truth.

Fear… is the shadow of attachment,
and attachment is born
where you expect to gain something.

Do not hold onto love—
give yourself to love.

When expectation disappears,
neither fear of loss remains,
nor desire to gain…

Then what remains
is true love.”

I asked:
“Why should I resist my desires?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi smiled and said:

“Do not fight desire… understand it.

Because desire is the compass of the heart
that leads you toward a direction
your sight has not yet reached.

It does not come to mislead you…
it comes to call you.

If you fear it, you will lose the path…
and if you embrace it,
this very desire will take you to your truth.”

I said softly:
“I am afraid of the darkness within me.”

Rumi replied gently:

“Do not fear the darkness…
it is not your enemy.

It is the silent soil
in which the seed of light is hidden.

You try to push it away,
and that is why you move away from yourself.

Sit with it…
feel it…
do not run from it.

Because when you accept your darkness,
that same darkness gives birth to light within you.

And then…
you do not fade,
you begin to bloom.”

I: How will I know that I am on the right path?

Rumi: The path is not marked by certainty. It is marked by love, openness, and your willingness to follow even when you cannot see the end.

I asked softly:
“What should I do when the heart feels empty?”

Rumi said with calmness:

“Do not be afraid of emptiness…
it is not a lack.

It is a space…
a sacred space,
waiting to be filled.

You call it loneliness,
but it is an invitation
for the Beloved to arrive.

Do not rush to fill it…
feel it,
listen to it.

Be patient…

Because in every empty heart,
a call is echoing.

And when the time comes,
that same emptiness
fills with love.”

I asked hesitantly:
“Will I ever understand truth?”

Rumi replied with a silent smile:

“Do not try to understand truth…
because truth is not an idea
to be held in the mind.

Truth is an experience…
a state,
that is felt, not understood.

You try to grasp it,
that is why it stays distant.

Let yourself become silent…
create space within.

And then let it come…
slowly,
like sunlight
entering through a window.

It makes no noise,
asks no permission—
it simply spreads light.

And when it enters you…
you understand nothing,
yet everything becomes clear.”

I asked with slight restlessness:
“How can I keep hope alive?”

Rumi said gently:

“Do not search for hope…
it is not lost somewhere outside.

Hope is the wine of the soul
that always flows within you.

You lose it
because you move away from the present moment.

Pause…
and feel this moment deeply.

Drink every breath…
live every feeling.

Because when you enter the present,
hope awakens within you.

It never dries…
you only drift away from its source.

Return…
and then see—
hope has always been alive within you.”

I asked hesitantly:
“Why am I afraid of my own happiness?”

Rumi replied softly:

“You are not afraid of happiness…
you are afraid of the truth
that happiness reveals to you.

Happiness is the mirror of the soul…
and when you feel it,
you begin to see yourself fully.

And to see yourself completely—
with all your light and all your shadow—
is not easy.

You have become used to living partially,
that is why wholeness frightens you.

But remember…
the one who dares to see themselves
is the one who truly begins to live."

I said quietly:
"I feel very small in the vastness of life."

Rumi smiled and replied:

"This smallness is not weakness…
it is humility.

And humility is the door
that leads you to infinity.

When you think yourself big,
you become limited…?

And when you accept your smallness,
the universe begins to open for you.

Become small…
but keep your heart vast.

Then you will see—
you are not losing yourself,
you are expanding into everything.”

I asked silently:
“How do I accept change without losing myself?”

Rumi said gently:

“Do not fear loss…
because in truth, nothing is lost.

You are never separate
from the flow of life,
you only feel that way.

Change is a river…
and you are the water flowing within it.

You try to resist,
that is why you feel fear.

Let yourself flow…
release resistance.

Because what flows is not lost…
it transforms,
and in that transformation lies its expansion.

You are not ending…
you are expanding."

I: Can desire ever be fulfilled?

Rumi: No, and that is its blessing. Desire is the flame that keeps your heart awake. Satisfaction is the veil that dims it.

I asked softly:
"Why does love feel like both fire and ocean?"

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi lowered his gaze and said:

"Love is, at the same time, both fire… and ocean.

Fire—because it burns away your illusions, your false identity,
and everything that you are not in truth.

And ocean—because it slowly absorbs your ego within itself,
until your ‘I’ no longer remains.

You think of them as two separate things…
but they are two aspects of the same journey.

One empties you…
and the other fills you.

Love does not destroy you…
love transforms you into that
which you have always been, but never recognized.”

I asked respectfully:
“How can I see the Divine in others?”

Rumi said gently:

“Do not look at the surface…
look into the depth.

Every face is a mystery,
every gesture a sign,
and within every word a spark is hidden.

You recognize people by their appearance,
that is why you cannot see the essence.

Cleanse your vision…
stop judging.

Because when you see without judgment,
the veils begin to lift on their own.

And then…
in every face,
you begin to see the same Light.

The Divine is not far…
it is everywhere—
waiting only for your sight.”

I asked with a heavy heart:
“How should I approach hardship?”

Rumi replied with compassion:

“Do not run from hardship…
see it as a teacher.

It is not punishment…
it is a silent hand
guiding you toward your inner depths.

You call it pain,
that is why you fight it.

But if you pause…
and listen to it,

that same suffering will teach you
what no words ever can.

In every pain, a secret is hidden,
in every tear, a message.

It does not come to break you…
it comes to shape you.

And when you accept it,
you do not only become stronger…
you become wiser.”

I asked softly:
“Can silence speak more than words?”

Rumi smiled and said:

“Always…

Silence is the place
where truth reaches you
without decoration,
without claim.

Words are only signs…
they show the path,
but they are not the destination.

You get lost in words,
that is why truth feels distant.

Come into silence…
where nothing needs to be said,
yet everything is understood.

Because truth does not speak…
it reveals itself.”

I: What does surrender mean?

Rumi: Surrender is not defeat. It is trust. To let go of control is to allow the flow of life to carry you into the ocean of love.

I: When the world feels uncertain, how can I trust myself?

Rumi: Trust does not come from knowing the outcome. It is the voice of the heart. Follow your heart—even when your mind trembles.

I: Is it wrong to feel both love and fear?

Rumi: Never. Fear is the shadow of love. To recognize both is to be fully human—and fully awake.

I: How do I calm a restless mind?

Rumi: Watch it, like a bird on a branch. Observe without judgment. Then slowly, the bird will fly away, and the sky of your heart will open.

I asked quietly:
“Can I find God in ordinary life?”

Rumi smiled and said:

“Do not search for God in a specific place…
He is not far.

He is everywhere—
in your laughter,
in your tears,

in your work,
and in your art.

In every breath, there is a glimpse of Him…
in every moment, a sign of Him.

But you cannot see,
because your vision is trapped in habit.

Deepen your sight…
look beyond appearances.

Because when your perception changes,
even ordinary life becomes worship…

and then, everywhere you look,
you see the same One reality."

I paused and asked:
"How can I live without regret?"

Rumi said gently:

"Regret is born from holding onto the past…

Accept each moment
as it comes before you.

You keep remembering
what you lost,
that is why you lose the present moment.

Life does not give you
what has slipped from your hands…
it gives you what you are ready for now.

What has passed was a teacher…
what is coming is an opportunity.

Free your heart from the chains of the past…
and embrace the present.

Because the one who accepts this moment
does not live in regret…
but in peace.”

I asked softly:
“How do I let go of attachment?”

Rumi replied calmly:

“Do not fight attachment…
it is not your enemy.

The real path is not letting go,
but understanding.

Awareness is your teacher—

When you observe your attachment,
feel it,
without judgment…

slowly, it begins to dissolve on its own.

The more you try to forcefully let go,
the tighter it holds you.

But when you simply observe it—
in silence,
with acceptance…

it loses its grip.

Letting go is not an action…
it is an understanding.

Farooqi
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And when understanding comes,
there is nothing left to hold onto.”

I asked quietly:
“Why do I sometimes feel so distant from love?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi replied gently:

“This distance is not real…
it is only a veil
that settles over your heart.

Love does not go anywhere…
it always remains within you,
with your very breath.

But when you move away from yourself,
you begin to feel
that love has also moved away.

You search outside,
and that is why the inner light becomes hidden.

Pause…
return to your heart…
remember—

because love is not something to be attained,
it is something to be recognized.

And when you recognize it…
you realize
that you were never alone,
and love was never distant.”

I asked from the depth of my heart:
“What is the essence of the spiritual path?”

Rumi said calmly:

“The spiritual path is not the name of a destination…
it is the name of awakening.

Awakening—
to see beyond your limited perception,
to step out of your ‘I’
and feel that vastness
which has always existed within you.

This path is not about learning…
it is about remembering.

When you awaken,
your perception changes…
and then you begin to see
the same reality in everything.

Then every step you take
is taken with love,

every thought dissolve into love,
and every breath becomes a prayer.

This is the essence of the path—
to live… but with awareness,
and to awaken… through love.”

I asked softly:
“How can I enter the silence you speak of?”

Rumi smiled and said:

“Do not try to enter silence…
because where there is effort, there is noise.

Let silence find you.

Just pause…
sit…
breathe…
and listen.

There is nothing you need to do,
nothing you need to achieve.

Slowly,
the layers of noise within you
will begin to settle…

and then…
the unspoken truths
will begin to reveal themselves.

Silence is not a place…
it is a state—
that comes when you let go of yourself.”

I asked thoughtfully:
“How will I know when I am ready for change?”

Rumi replied with calmness:

“Readiness is not an announcement…
it is a silent state of the heart.

You are ready
when your longing becomes stronger than your fear,
when your curiosity
moves beyond your doubt,
and when love…
overcomes your hesitation.

That is the moment
when doors begin to open on their own.

You do not have to search for the path…
the path finds you.

And then you realize—
that change was not a danger…
but an invitation.”

I asked in silence:
“What is the one truth I should never forget?”

Rumi said softly:

“Remember this…
you are love.

You search for it outside,
that is why you forget yourself.

Every path, every search, every wandering—
eventually brings you back to this love.

You are not going anywhere…
you are only returning.

That love is not a destination…
it is your home.

And the truth is—
you never really left this home,
you only forgot for a while.

Remember…
and you will return instantly."

I asked with a broken heart:
"How do I heal a broken heart?"

Rumi replied with compassion:

"Do not try to heal your heart through someone else…

What is broken
is your own,
and its healing is also within you.

You go searching for another heart,
and in doing so,
you forget to care for your own.

Sit with your heart…
listen to its pain…
do not ignore it.

Because healing does not come from outside,
it grows from within.

Love yourself
as deeply as you wish to be loved by others.

And slowly…
you will see
that the heart that was broken
did not become weak—

it became softer,
deeper,
and more open to love.”

I asked, lost in thought:
“Can desire become happiness?”

Rumi said gently:

“Yes… but only
when you do not see desire as emptiness,
but as a bridge.

You see it as lack,
that is why it makes you restless.

But in truth…
it is a means
that takes you from one place to another.

Within every desire
there is a hidden direction,
and within every pain
a seed of awakening.

If you run from it,
it will keep holding you…

and if you understand it,
it will transform you.

Desire does not end…
it transforms.

And when it turns into understanding,
that same desire
becomes happiness.”

I asked with a tired heart:
“When everything feels grey, how can I see beauty?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi said gently:

“Beauty does not go anywhere…
it is always present.

It is just that sometimes
clouds cover your eyes.

You try to change the world,
but in truth,
it is your vision that needs to be cleared.

Learn gratitude…
feel the small things…
and become fully present in this moment.

Slowly,
those clouds will begin to clear…

and you will see—
that beauty never disappeared,
it was only your sight
that turned away from it."

I asked from the depth of my heart:
"What is the role of art in this journey?"

Rumi replied with calmness:

"Art is not merely something to be seen…
it is the mirror of the soul.

When you look at a painting,
listen to music,
or feel movement…

you are not only looking outward—
you are looking within yourself.

Art is the doorway
that leads you to a reality
which words cannot express.

It carries a silent language
that speaks directly to the heart.

That is why…
when you truly see art,
you do not just see an image—
you touch a mystery.

And in that moment…
you come closer to God."

I asked in search of peace:
"How can I live fully in the present?"

Rumi said gently:

"You become scattered in time…
that is why you move away from yourself.

The past holds you,
and the future makes you restless.

But the truth is—
the past is a teacher,
the future is a mystery…
and the present?

The present is your home.

Return to this moment…
without resistance,
without complaint.

Feel every breath…
live every moment…

because when you enter the present,
you meet yourself.

And where you meet yourself…
that is your true home."

I asked from the loneliness of my heart:
"Why do I sometimes feel alone even in a crowd?"

Rumi replied with calmness:

“Loneliness does not come from the absence of people…
it comes from distance from yourself.

You search outside
for what actually lives within you.

That is why, even in a crowd,
you feel empty.

People are around you…
but you are not with yourself.

Turn your attention away from the outside
and direct it inward…

there is a companionship there
that never leaves you.

And when you return within…
you are no longer alone—
you become whole.”

I asked respectfully:
“How do I recognize a teacher when one appears?”

Rumi said gently:

“A teacher does not always come in words…

Sometimes it is a glance
that shakes you to your core.

Sometimes it is a book
that opens the doors of your heart.

And sometimes…
it is a painting,
in which colors silently teach you.

A teacher is not a form…
it is a state.

You do not recognize it with your eyes,
you recognize it with your heart.

When something awakens within you,
when a silent truth touches you…

then know—
the teacher has arrived.

Trust the recognition of your heart…
because it is never wrong.”

I asked in wonder:
“Can I touch the eternal while still living in time?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi replied calmly:

“Yes…
eternity is not far away.

You search for it outside of time,
that is why it feels distant to you.

But the truth is—
every breath is a doorway…

When you take it with awareness,
you move beyond time.

And every heartbeat…
is a step into infinity.

You do not need to go anywhere…
you only need to pause and feel.

Because eternal reality
is not outside time—
it is hidden within this very moment.

And when you fully enter this moment…
you touch the infinite
while still living in time.”

I asked in silence:
“What, in the end, is this journey?”

Rumi said softly:

“This journey is not outward…
it is a return inward.

It is a step toward loving yourself,
where you learn to accept yourself.

It is a path from longing to fulfillment,
where you realize that what you were searching for
was always within you.

It is a journey from separation to union,
where the difference between ‘I’ and ‘He’
begins to dissolve.

You are not going anywhere…
you are simply remembering.

And when you fully remember…
you realize—

that the journey did not end,
but you yourself
have become the journey.”

I asked respectfully:
“Who was Shams Tabrizi to you?”

Rumi replied in silence:

“Shams was not a person…
he was a flame.

A flame
that ignited the fire hidden within me.

I thought I knew myself…
or at least I believed I did—

but Shams showed me
what I had never been able to see.

He was the mirror of the soul…
a mirror in which I saw my true essence.

And in that moment…
I burned.

But this burning was not annihilation…
it was awakening.

I did not end…
I was born.

Shams did not give me anything…
he took away everything from me
that I was not.

And what remained…
that was my truth.”

I asked with amazement:
“Why did everything change after meeting him?”

Rumi said gently:

“Because not every transformation happens in solitude…

Some truths awaken only
in true companionship.

Shams did not teach me…
he showed me.

He placed my soul before me,
like a clear mirror…

and in that mirror,
I saw
what I had always been hiding.

That meeting was not a moment…
it was a fire.

I burned in it…
but that burning was not destruction—
it was birth.

I was no longer
who I used to be…

because that single glance
brought me face to face with myself.

And when a person meets themselves…
everything changes.”

I asked seriously:
“What is the nature of true friendship?”

Rumi replied with calmness:

“True friendship does not only give comfort…
it shakes you.

It does not show you
what you want to see—
it shows you
what you are hiding.

It is a challenge…
a mirror
that breaks your illusions.

Such friendship does not keep you at ease,
it awakens you.

It opens the depths of your heart,
where truth lies hidden.

And when that truth is revealed…
you either run—
or you transform.

True friendship is not that
which lets you remain the same…

it is that
which takes you to your essence.”

I asked gently:
“After he left, why did you feel such longing?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi said in silence:

“Longing is not a sign of lack…
it is proof
that love has entered within you.

When someone touches the heart,
their absence
does not leave emptiness—
it leaves a deep presence.

You call it distance…
but in truth, it is a path.

Absence is a teacher…
it teaches you
what you had received.

And slowly…
you begin to understand that
love was never limited to one person—
it was a state
that awakened within you.

He did not leave…
he remained within you.

And this very longing
takes you to that depth
where love reveals its true nature.”

I asked with the desire of my heart:
“How will I find such a companion in my life?”

Rumi replied calmly:

“What you are searching for outside…
must first appear within you.

You are looking for a heart
that will complete you—
but completion begins
from within.

Meet yourself…
with complete honesty,
without any veil.

When you accept yourself,
when you awaken within you that love
which you were searching for outside…

then in the world,
only that appears before you
which has already awakened within you.

A true companion is not found…
it is revealed.

And it is revealed
when you are ready
to fully meet yourself."

I asked in a trembling voice:
"What does it mean 'to burn in love'?"

Rumi said softly:

“Burning is not ending…
it is becoming empty.

The fire of love
slowly melts your ego—
everything that you are not
turns to ashes.

And what remains…
is only love.

You call it pain,
because your ‘self’ breaks within it.

But within that fire,
there is also a strange sweetness—
where pain and joy
become one flame.

This burning is not destruction…
it is purification.

It does not end you…
it transforms you into your essence.

And when everything burns away…
you are no longer there—
only love remains.”

I asked with a trembling state:
“How does whirling bring you closer to the Beloved?”

Rumi closed his eyes and said:

“This turning is not of the body…
it is a journey of the soul.

When you turn,
you return to the center—
to that point
where you and He are no longer separate.

The body forms a circle…
but the soul stands silently
at the center of that circle.

And in that silence,
the ‘self’ begins to dissolve…

ego melts,
thoughts fade,
and only one state remains—
union.

Furoogh
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The movement is outward…
but the stillness is within.

You are not turning…
you are stepping out of yourself
and entering into Him.

And when this turning is complete…
you are no longer there—
only He remains.

This is the dance…
this is the prayer…
this is annihilation…
and this is closeness."

I asked with longing:
"Can anyone experience this joy?"

Rumi said gently:

"Yes… but this joy does not open for everyone.

It opens for those
who recognize their need for control—
and then slowly let it go.

When you stop trying to hold everything,
a new freedom is born…

the heart becomes light,
the feet begin to move on their own,
and the mind becomes silent.

In that silence…
descends a joy
that words cannot describe.

This joy is not achieved…
it is given.

And when it comes,
you do not know that you are happy—
you simply become.”

I asked with a slight fear:
“Is the state of ecstasy dangerous?”

Rumi said gently:

“Yes… it can burn you.

But not every fire destroys…
some fires

do not end you—
they purify you.

Just as gold enters fire
and discovers its true nature,
in the same way the fire of ecstasy
burns away the impurities within you.

You think it is dangerous,
because your ‘self’ melts in it…

but that very melting
is your freedom.

If you try to hold onto it,
it will burn you…
and if you surrender to it,
it will transform you.

It is not dangerous…
it is a purifying fire.

And when you pass through it,
you are no longer who you were—
you become
who you have always been.”

I stopped asking questions…

I looked at Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi and, in silence,
it felt as if I was asking for permission.
He said nothing—just gave a gentle glance… as if saying:
Go… feel.

I slowly stood up and began walking toward the courtyard of the lodge.
When I opened the door, a cool breeze welcomed me—
a breeze that was not only touching the body, but the heart.

There was a light rain in the courtyard…
the drops fell on the ground, and a strange fragrance spread through the air.

I stopped there…
I was neither inside, nor outside—
I was simply in between.

I looked toward the sky—
the clouds were silent…
yet even in their silence, there was a message.

I took a deep breath—
and for the first time, I felt
that I was not breathing…
I was being given breath.

That pause…
was not just rest—
it was a teaching.

There were no words there,
yet everything was speaking.

The rain was saying: *be cleansed.*
The wind was saying: *let go.*
And my heart…
was slowly becoming lighter.

After some time, I turned back…
but I was no longer the same as I had been a few moments before.

I was not returning with questions alone—
I was returning with a state of being.

And when I sat again before Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi…

I asked hesitantly:
“How will I know that I am ready to burn?”

Rumi said calmly:

“Readiness is not an announcement…
it is a silent fire of the heart.

You are ready
when your longing becomes stronger than your fear.

When the call of love
surpasses even the comfort of your certainty.

When you know
that this path is not easy—
and yet you cannot stop…

then understand
that you are ready.

This burning will not destroy you…
it will shape you into your truth.

And when you step into this fire,
you do not look back—
because you already know
that returning is no longer possible…
nor necessary.”

I asked in deep thought:
“What role does art play in this burning?”

Rumi said gently:

“Art is not just expression…
it is a bridge.

A bridge
that takes you beyond yourself.

Paintings, music, poetry—
these are flames
that silently ignite hearts.

They teach without speaking…
and without force,
they transform you.

You think you are seeing art,
but in truth,
art is seeing you…

opening you,
burning you.

This fire is not of words…
it is of feeling.

And when this fire ignites,
you do not lose yourself—
you find your essence.

Art does not guide…
it awakens.

And the one who awakens once…
is never the same again.”

I asked with a touch of pain:
“Why do people fear love?”

Rumi said softly:

“People do not fear love…
they fear the truth
that love reveals before them.

Love does not give masks…
it removes them.

It does not let you remain
as you show yourself to the world—
it shows you
as you truly are.

And when a person sees their reality—
soft, vulnerable, unveiled—
they become afraid.

That is why they run from love…

But fear is not wrong—
it is natural.

It is only a sign
that you are coming close to a truth.

And remember…
love is not danger—
it is a path.

A path
that leads you to your essence.”

I asked thoughtfully:
“Can there be love without desire?”

Rumi said gently:

“No…
because longing is the heartbeat of love.

Without longing,
love becomes a habit—
a quiet, lifeless presence.

But when longing exists…
love becomes alive,
it begins to breathe,
it begins to grow.

Longing is the fire
that keeps love burning.

It is the restlessness
that draws you closer,
it is the call
that brings you back.

Without longing, love becomes still…
and with longing—
love becomes a journey.

And when this journey deepens…
you realize—
that longing and love are not separate…
they are two heartbeats of the same heart.”

I turned inward and asked:
“How can I listen to myself… when there is noise within me?”

Rumi said gently:

“Do not fight the noise…
it is not your enemy.

It is the voice of your inner restlessness.

You try to suppress it,
that is why it grows louder.

Pause…
and listen to it.

Behind every noise
there is a silent truth hidden.

When you listen without judgment,
slowly, the noise becomes tired…

and from behind it,
the true voice of the heart begins to emerge.

The heart does not shout…
it whispers.

That is why, to hear it,
you must become silent yourself.”

I asked carefully:
“What is the difference between desire and love?”

Rumi said gently:

“Desire holds on…
love lets go.

Desire clings,
because it fears losing.

Love frees,
because it trusts.

Desire wants possession—
it says: *this is mine.*

Love seeks union—
it says: *I am in you, and you are in me.*

Desire changes with time…
it comes and goes.

But love…
it is beyond time.

It neither begins,
nor ends—
it simply is.

And when you understand this difference…
you stop holding on,
and you learn to flow.”

I asked helplessly:
“How can I stop both pain and love?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi said calmly:

“Do not try to stop them…
because pain and love
are not two separate things—
they are two faces of the same flame.

Pain opens the heart…
and love fills it.

You only want happiness,
that is why you run from pain…

but a heart that becomes closed
cannot hold love either.

Do not fear this fire—
it has not come to burn you,
it has come to open you.

Stop fighting…
learn to accept.

Embrace the pain,
embrace the love…

because when you give space to both,
you do not break—
you expand.”

I asked in silence:
“How can desire turn into wisdom?”

Rumi said gently:

“Do not try to suppress desire…
observe it.

When you look at your desire
without resistance,
it begins to teach you.

It teaches you patience…
because not every desire is fulfilled instantly.

It teaches you humility…
because you realize
that not everything is in your control.

And it gives you depth…
because you begin to go within.

You think desire is a problem,
but it is a teacher.

If you fight it,
it will mislead you…
and if you understand it,
it will give your insight.

And when understanding arises…
desire transforms—
it is no longer restlessness,
it becomes wisdom.”

I asked, immersed in pain:
“What should I do when the fire feels unbearable?”

Rumi said calmly:

“Do not run from this fire…
bow before it.

You try to extinguish it,
that is why you burn even more.

This fire has not come to destroy you…
it has come to purify you.

It is an alchemy
that transforms the soul—
raw gold becomes pure.

If you fight it,
it will cause you suffering…
and if you accept it,
it will make you knew.

This is not pain…
it is transformation.

This is not punishment…
it is purification.

And when you pass through it,
you are no longer
who entered it.”

I asked with tearful eyes:
“Why do tears come in love?”

Rumi said gently:

“Tears are not weakness…
they are the language of the heart
that cannot be expressed in words.

When love becomes deep,
the heart fills—
and then it begins to overflow.

These are not tears of pain,
they are tears of a state…
a state
that the heart cannot contain.

They are the water
that nourishes the soul,
softens it,
keeps it alive.

You try to hide them,
but they are what make you true.

When tears come,
understand—
the heart is speaking.

And when the heart speaks…
the soul is listening."

I asked with broken trust:
"How do I keep my heart open when I am betrayed?"

Rumi said with compassion:

"Betrayal is not an ending…
it is a mirror.

It does not come to break you—
it comes to show you
where you had lost yourself.

You see it as a judgment,
that is why you close your heart…

but it is only a lesson,
a doorway—
leading you toward depth.

Remember…
a closed heart may protect itself,
but it cannot heal.

And an open heart…
may be hurt,
but it transforms,
it expands.

You do not need to become hard…
you need to become true.

Because a heart that remains open—
does not break…
it becomes deeper."

I asked in wonder:
"Can I find God in another person?"

Rumi said gently:

"Yes…
but you must change the way you see.

Every being is a reflection…
a mirror
in which the Divine is shining.

You see people from their surface,
that is why truth remains hidden from you.

Look beyond the surface…
look within…

There is a light in every eye,
a spark in every heart.

When you see without judgment,
the veils begin to lift on their own.

And then…
in every person,
you begin to see the same light.

God is not far away…
He is present behind every face—
waiting only for your vision."

I asked in wonder:
"Why does desire sometimes feel infinite?"

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi said gently:

"Because it *is* infinite…

You try to end it,
but it has not come to end.

It is the call within you
that cannot be fulfilled by anything limited.

This longing…
is the echo of the Beloved—
a voice
that is calling you back.

You try to fill it with the world,
that is why it keeps increasing…

because it does not belong to the world,
it belongs to the One
who is infinite.

When you understand this,
it is no longer restlessness…

it becomes a path—
a return.

And then you realize…
this desire is not misleading you—
it is calling you home.”

I asked seriously:
“How can I distinguish true longing from temporary desire?”

Rumi said gently:

“True longing does not fade with time…
it deepens.

It does not disappear in distraction,
it remains present even in noise.

You cannot forget it…
because it is not the voice of your surface,
it is the voice of your depth.

Temporary desire is fulfilled quickly,
and then becomes silent…

but true longing
remains even in silence.

It pulls you,
transforms you,
even unsettles you—
but with meaning.

It is a fire
that does not extinguish…
it only matures you.

And when you recognize this difference,
you stop chasing every desire…

you follow only that voice
which is leading you toward your essence.”

I asked with the confusion of my heart:
“Why does love sometimes feel painful?”

Rumi said gently:

“Love does not only bring joy…
it takes you into your depths.

And in those depths
there are places
you have never touched…

places you may have suppressed,
or ignored.

When love reaches there,
you feel pain…

but this pain is not punishment—
it is a doorway.

A doorway
that leads you to understanding,
that brings you face to face with yourself.

You call it suffering,
but it is awakening.

Because a heart that never breaks
never fully opens.

And when you accept this pain…
you do not just become wounded—
you become wise.”

I asked in silence:
“How can I recognize my soul?”

Rumi said gently:

“The soul cannot be seen…
it is felt.

It does not appear in noise…
it reveals itself in silent moments.

When you sit alone,
and there is no thought—
there, it whispers.

It speaks in longing…
that restlessness which pulls you toward the unknown—
that is the call of the soul.

And when you see beauty
and feel an unexplainable awe or trembling…
that too is a glimpse of the soul.

It does not speak loudly…
it does not shout…

it only softly says:
'This is you…'

You only need to pause…
and listen deeply.

Because the soul never hides…
we are the ones who forget to listen."

I asked, immersed in thought:
"Can I be both a scholar and a lover?"

Rumi said gently:

“Yes…
but you must learn to live both together.

Knowledge without love
becomes only words—
empty, lifeless.

And love without knowledge
becomes a blind state—
without direction.

Knowledge gives light…
and love gives warmth.

Light without warmth
remains cold,
and warmth without light
leads astray.

But when both come together…
a light is born
that not only shows the path
but keeps the heart alive.

This is balance…
this is perfection.

That you learn…
and you feel.

And when you learn this…
you do not just know—
you live.”

I asked in silence:
“What is the final lesson of longing?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi said gently:

“Longing is not a lack…
it is a beginning.

You see it as emptiness,
that is why you try to fill it…

but in truth,
it is the first knock of love.

It is the call
that awakens you,
that unsettles you,
and compels you to search.

As this longing deepens…
you begin to understand
that it is not the absence of something—
it is a sign toward a reality.

And when it reaches its peak…
it transforms.

It is no longer a question…
it becomes the answer.

It is no longer a search…
it becomes union.

And then you see—
that longing and love were never separate…
they were always one,
you only thought them to be different.”

I asked in confusion:
“How can I live with mystery?”

Rumi said calmly:

“Do not try to solve the mystery…
it is not a problem
to be understood and finished.

It is a companion of the soul—
a secret
that walks with you.

You want to know everything,
that is why you become restless…

but some things are not meant to be understood,
they are meant to be felt.

Accept the mystery…
taste it…
do not rush to open it.

Because these are the doors
that show you new worlds.

If you close them
with the force of your intellect—
you will lose everything
you could have seen.

To live in mystery
is not to be lost…
it is trust.

It is to accept
that not everything must be known—
some things must simply be lived.”

I asked with the weakness of my heart:
“Is it possible to never feel fear again?”

Rumi said gently:

“The desire to eliminate fear
is itself a fear…

Fear is a part of life—
it will always exist somewhere.

The goal is not
to escape it…

but to learn
to walk with it.

Make love your guide…
when you walk with love,

fear does not disappear—
but its power diminishes.

It cannot stop you,
it only walks beside you.

And slowly…
you begin to understand
that fear was not your enemy—

it was only a doorway.

A doorway
leading you toward courage.

And when you pass through that door
with love…
you are transformed.”

I asked in silence:
“How will I know that I am truly awakened?”

Rumi said softly:

“Awakening is not a moment…
it is a vision—
that changes.

You are awakened
when the world is no longer only outside…
but you see it reflected within your heart.

When everything no longer feels separate…
but appears as different expressions
of one reality.

When you stop searching,
and begin seeing…

when love becomes both your path
and your destination.

Then you understand—
you have not arrived anywhere…
you have simply awakened.

And when a person awakens…
they do not change the world—
they change their perception.

And that change…
changes everything.”

I asked softly:
“If I awaken, will my life change?”

Rumi smiled and said:

“Life will remain the same…
but you will not remain the same.

The world will not change,
but your vision will change.

And when vision changes…
everything begins to feel new.”

I asked thoughtfully:
“Is awakening a one-time event, or a continuous process?”

Rumi said:

“It is both a moment…
and a journey.

A moment when you see for the first time,
and then a lifetime
spent deepening that seeing.”

I asked hesitantly:
“Can I fall asleep again… after awakening?”

Rumi said gently:

“Yes…
because habits are deep.

But one who has seen once,
never completely forgets.

A light remains…
that keeps calling you back again and again.”

I asked from the heart:
“What does a person lose after awakening?”

Rumi said:

“They lose their illusions…
their false fears…
their false identity.

And what they lose…
is in truth
freedom.”

I asked in silence:
“What does a person gain after awakening?”

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi said softly:

“They gain nothing new…
they find themselves.

And when I had felt all of this…
when the questions began to fade,
and a quiet peace settled within—

I asked gently:
“What is *fana*… and what is *baqa*?”

Rumi said in deep silence:

“Fana is not an ending…
it is letting go of everything
that you are not in truth.

It is the melting of the ‘I’…
that identity you built from the world,
all of it slowly begins to fall away.

And when everything falls…
you do not become empty—
you become true.

And baqa?
Baqa is that state
when you learn to live with that truth.

When you still exist…
but not for yourself,
with Him, within Him.

In fana, you lose yourself…
and in baqa, you find yourself.

These are not two separate stages—
they are two breaths of the same journey.”

And I became silent…
because this time,
I did not need to understand the answer—
I had already felt it.

I asked my final question:
“Is there an end to awakening?”

Rumi smiled and said:

“No…
because the one who awakens
is awakening for the first time
in every moment.”

After that, I asked no more questions…

I looked at Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi—
but this time not to ask,
only to feel.

He was silent…
and for the first time,
I was silent too.

Outside, the soft rain was still falling,
but now its sound felt different—
as if every drop was an answer.

I closed my eyes…
and for the first time,
there was no question within me.

No search…

no restlessness…

only a peace—
a quiet, deep peace.

I felt that I was not gaining something…
I was letting something go.

Slowly…
I began to feel lighter,
as if a weight I had carried for years
was finally falling away.

I opened my eyes…
it was the same room,
the same rain,
the same silence—

but something had changed.

Me.

I did not rise from that place…
I rose transformed.

And in that moment, I understood—

This journey had begun with questions…
but it did not end with answers.

It came to rest in silence…
where nothing needs to be said,
because everything
has already been felt.

Self-Awareness and the Love of Truth

"Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world. Today I am wise, so I am changing myself."

After spending a few days with Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi, life did not suddenly transform. The world remained the same, moving with the same pace, the same demands, and the same expectations. I continued to live my days as before, fulfilling responsibilities and meeting people. Outwardly, nothing had changed, yet within, something had begun to shift, slowly and quietly.

In every journey, there comes a moment when the search turns inward. For me, this moment did not arrive with clarity or announcement. It came with a deep unease. The inner call was no longer just a whisper. It had grown stronger, deeper, and with it came a strange feeling, as if I were standing at the edge of something unknown. I felt that I was being drawn toward a depth, yet I did not know what awaited me there, and perhaps my being itself was not yet ready to know.

Then one day, I found myself standing before something I had avoided for years.

Myself.

It began in silence, but not a comforting silence.
It was a heavy silence, one that did not soothe, but revealed.

The thoughts I had ignored began to surface.
The emotions I had buried returned.
The questions became clearer and deeper than ever before.

I asked myself,
Who am I beneath everything I show to the world?
What do I hide, even from myself?

There were no easy answers.
Only truth.

And truth is not always gentle.

I began to see within myself the parts I had never acknowledged. My fears. My need to control everything. My silent expectations from others. Everything I had believed was justified.

It was not easy.
But it was real.

I remember standing before a particular painting. It carried something raw, something unfinished, yet complete in its own way. The lines were not balanced, and within its composition there was a tension I had never felt before.

And suddenly, it felt as if I was not looking at the painting.
The painting was looking at me.

This was not a moment to escape.
It was a moment to remain.

There were no excuses left.
No veils.

Only a mirror.

And within it, my own reflection.

But it was not a simple reflection.
It was a truth unfolding in layers.

I saw within it everything I had begun to recognize inside myself. The contradictions. The beauty. And a quiet honesty within my imperfections.

This was not something that could be explained in simple words.
It was something that could only be felt.

And in that moment of realization, something shifted within me at a deep level.

I understood that my journey with Rumi was not a search for comfort.
It was a search for truth.

His words, which once felt like soft whispers, had now become a clear mirror. A mirror that does not distort reality, does not soften it, and does not hide it behind any veil.

It simply shows
what is
as it is.

And to stand before such a mirror requires courage.

There were moments when I wanted to turn back. To return to the version of myself that was easier, familiar, untouched by questions, wrapped in the illusion of comfort.

But something within me would not allow it.

As if a silent force was holding me there.

No.
There is no returning now.

Because once the eyes have seen truth,
they cannot unsee it.

Once the heart has touched truth,
it cannot deceive itself again.

Perhaps this is the true price of the journey.

You lose everything
that was false.

And in return,
you begin to find
what has always been true.

I began to sit with myself. Not only in peace, but in honesty. I allowed the unease to remain. I let the questions exist without rushing toward answers.

Slowly, I began to understand
this was not the loss of self.
It was the discovery of self.

Each realization felt like a layer being removed.

And beneath those layers, there was something else.

Something simpler.
Something quieter.
Something more real.

Not perfect.
But true.

In those moments, I began to see my father in a new way as well. His art was no longer just expression. It had become a reflection. Perhaps he too had stood before his inner mirror, facing difficult truths, and had poured them into color and silence.

Perhaps that is why his work carried such depth.

Because it did not come from perfection.
It came from truth.

This realization stayed with me, and it deepened my journey further, with Rumi, with my father, and with the truth that connects us all.

I came to understand that meeting the mirror is not a single event. It is a continuous process. Each day reveals something new. Each moment brings a new understanding. And every truth, no matter how difficult, brings you closer to reality.

This journey is not easy.
But it is necessary.

Because before finding peace, before understanding love, and before truly growing, you must see yourself.

As you are.

Without veils.
Without excuses.
Without fear.

And in that honest seeing,
something unexpected happens.

You do not break.
You begin to transform.

The mirror does not shatter you.
It reveals you.

And for the first time, standing in that truth,
I felt

I had come closer to myself,
and closer to the path
I was meant to walk.

The Language of the Heart

"The heart has its own language. Listen carefully, for it speaks truths that the mind cannot understand."

After standing before my own inner mirror, I began to realize that true understanding is not born from thought alone. It emerges from the heart. The heart, the center of feeling, the doorway of intuition, and the silent secret of a divine connection.

Now, the words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi were no longer guidance. They had become an invitation, an invitation to feel, to surrender, and to awaken from within.

In one such quiet moment, I found myself once again standing before one of my father's paintings. It had always been a part of the house, yet that day, I saw it for the first time.

As I stepped closer, I realized it was not merely an image. It was a feeling. Deep greens and reds flowed like waves of emotion, while touches of gold shimmered like a hidden light within. There was a delicate tension between movement and stillness, an order within chaos, and a mystery within order.

The center of the painting felt alive, pulsing, filled with light, as if it had a heart of its own.

Between the lines, I noticed the spaces I had once thought were empty. Now they appeared full of meaning. They were not emptiness. They were pauses, breaths of creation, moments of silence where truth reveals itself.

And in those moments, I heard again the same whisper that had first led me to Rumi.

As I stood there, I felt a strange closeness, as if my father's heart was speaking to me across time. Within the painting, I saw what I had begun to recognize within myself. Contradiction, softness, vulnerability, and a deep beauty that held everything together.

Incomplete, yet complete.
Intense, yet gentle.
Scattered, yet harmonious.

In that understanding, Rumi's words lived within me:

"The wound is the place where the light enters."

Every longing within me, every pain, every unnamed desire began to take on meaning. My ego, my desires, my illusions, all of them had once resisted this awakening. Yet in the silence of the heart, and in the presence of this art, I experienced for the first time a glimpse of surrender.

This was not the surrender of weakness.
It was the surrender of truth.

I began to understand that love is not merely an emotion that flows outward. It is an awakening, an inner recognition of the heart within everything.

The poetry of Rumi, the art of my father, and the silence between them were all teaching the same truth. The language of the heart is at once universal and deeply personal.

Within this realization, I began a simple practice. I started listening to my heart, without judgment, without interference. Sometimes it spoke through longing, sometimes through gratitude, sometimes through pain, yet each time it connected me to something deeper.

That day, standing before my father's painting, I wept in silence. Not out of sorrow, but out of recognition.

For the first time, I understood that art, love, and life are not separate. They are a single melody, expressed in different forms.

The painting spoke without words.
Rumi taught without force.
And my heart finally began to listen.

From that moment, I knew that this journey is not of the mind alone. It is of the heart, the soul, and the whole of one's being.

To read Rumi without feeling is to lose the melody.
To see art without listening is to see only color, not meaning.
And to live without hearing the heart is to exist without knowing the soul.

Then I began to live differently, with more awareness, more presence, and more love. With an open heart, ready to learn, to feel, and to surrender.

For in the language of the heart, every silence is a word, every color carry meaning, and every breath is a prayer.

And in that quiet reflection, within my father's art, within every line, every color, every space, I understood for the first time the depth of Rumi's message:

Love is the path.
Love is the teacher.
Love is the awakening.

The Dissolution of the Ego

"Die before you die, so that you may truly live."

As I continued my journey inward, I began to understand that this path is not always gentle. It is a passage through fire. It demands courage, it demands truth, and above all, it asks for complete surrender, where one becomes willing to let go of oneself.

By now, the words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi and the art of my father were no longer mere guidance. They had become a living state, like a quiet light descending into my inner being, slowly illuminating the hidden darkness within my heart.

They were unveiling truths in whispers
truths that, once heard,
could no longer be ignored.

And among those truths,
one of the most difficult,
and most honest lessons
began to emerge

to face the ego.

This is the place where a person stands before their own self, not as an enemy, but as a veil that conceals reality. It is the moment of seeing the grip of one’s desires,

recognizing the illusion of control, and understanding that even the sense of authority we hold is itself an illusion.

It is here
that silence becomes worship
and seeing becomes prayer.

A place where one does not break,
but dissolves,
fades,
and re-emerges in a new form.

And in that moment, a deeper truth reveals itself

that the real journey is not about leaving the world,
but about moving beyond the ego,
so that one may reach the reality
that has always existed within.

I once believed I was strong. I believed I knew myself. But the mirror of the heart, and the silent wisdom within my father's art, revealed something entirely different.

This time, I stood before an abstract painting. It was filled with deep browns and storm-like greys, cut through by sharp, restless streaks of red, as if something was tearing through the heart itself.

At first glance, it felt chaotic, even unsettling. But as I remained, a hidden order began to reveal itself within that chaos. A movement. A tension. A quiet struggle between darkness and light, as if something was breaking apart, dissolving, and forming again.

In that moment, I understood

this painting reflected my ego.

Strong. Rigid. Often dominant.
Yet within, fragile.
Hiding its fractures.

Every sharp line carried the story of pride.
Every shadow hinted at fear.
Every color held the weight of attachment.
And every faint light pointed toward surrender.

Then the voice of Rumi echoed within me

"Accept the changing seasons of your heart as you accept the changing seasons of the sky."

I began to understand that the ego fears change. It seeks stability, control, and a fixed identity. Yet every step toward awakening requires its gentle dissolution.

I remembered my past. All the efforts to become who I thought I should be, better in someone’s eyes, perfect in another’s.

And I realized how much energy I had spent sustaining an image that was not real. How many moments I had lost to pride, to fear, and to the illusion of control.

I saw my father's painting… and this time, it did not feel like I was looking at a person—it felt like I was witnessing the weight of the ego.

The figure carried immense knowledge upon his head, yet that knowledge had not brought humility—it had given rise to arrogance.

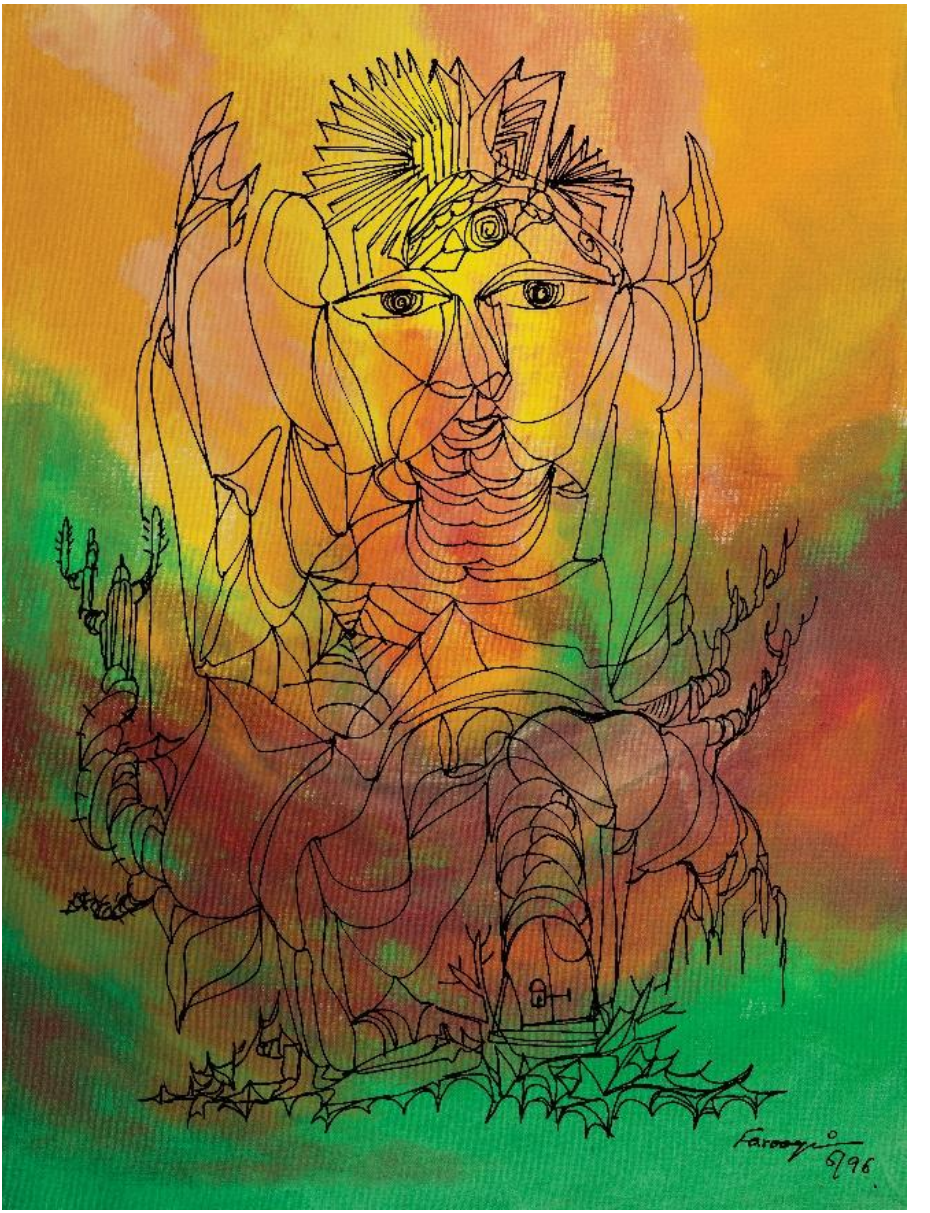
Around him, cactus had grown—sharp, dry, and distant—
as if his inner state had taken form in the world around him.
I realized… when knowledge is not softened by humility, it does not nurture—its wounds.

His heart… was closed.

A small door, visible yet sealed—
as if love had been shut out,
or perhaps… never allowed to enter.

His raised hand was not in surrender,
but in ego—
not a gesture of دعا,
but of self-assertion.

His neck stretched upward, long and rigid—
a silent symbol of pride,
of a self-trying to rise without bowing.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And within him… there was a burning.
Not the fire of عشق,
but the heat of jealousy, comparison, and hidden unrest.

And then I understood—

This was not the light of knowledge.
This was the shadow of the ego wearing the mask of knowledge.

Because when the heart is closed,
even truth becomes a veil.

And until the self-bows,
no حقیقی علم can enter.

This painting was not just an image…
it was a mirror—

showing how easily knowledge can elevate the mind,
but harden the heart.

And as I stood there, looking at him…
a thought pierced through me—

perhaps I was not observing him…
perhaps I was seeing myself.

It showed me that dissolving the ego is not about destroying oneself. It is about seeing oneself clearly.

It is humility, not humiliation.
It is the release of attachments, so that the true self may appear.

I sat before that painting for hours, allowing its colors, its lines, and its silence to enter me. I saw myself within it, in every fracture, every shadow, every light.

For the first time, I did not hide from my ego.
I acknowledged it.
And slowly, I began to let it go.

It was not easy.

There were moments when I wanted to turn back, to return to the comfort of control, to the familiarity of who I had always been. But I had come to understand that growth never comes through escape.

The ego resists.
But the heart remains steady.

With patience, prayer, and reflection, I began to learn surrender, not only in thought, but in action. I softened my judgments. I reduced my expectations. I learned to accept my mistakes without shame.

I learned to sit in humility.
To recognize my weaknesses.
To treat small moments of awareness as victories.

Again, Rumi’s words echoed within me

"Let yourself be silently drawn by the strange pull of what you truly love. It will not lead you astray."

In that moment, the painting did not show a path.
It became the path.

It did not explain.
It did not instruct.
It simply revealed.

And what was revealed was simple, yet infinitely deep.

The ego stood before me again.

But this time, it was not an enemy.
It was a silent teacher.

For the first time, I saw it with truth and compassion, without denial, without judgment.

And then something shifted.

The ego did not shatter.
It began to melt.

Like ice surrendering to the first light of the sun.

And in its melting, a new space opened within me,
quiet, vast, and gentle, where the heart could breathe
freely for the first time.

That day, before that canvas, I wept in silence. Not out
of defeat, but out of recognition.

I understood that life, love, and spiritual awakening do
not come from breaking oneself, but from refining
oneself.

And within that refinement, I found freedom.

Freedom from the need to become more.
Freedom from the illusion of control.
Freedom to accept myself as I am

imperfect,
fragile,
yet alive
and close to the Divine.

Through Rumi, through my father's art, and through the
mirror of my own heart, I took another step forward

the ego can dissolve,
the soul can rise,
and the journey continues.

Ishq, The Fire of Love

"Love is the bridge between you and everything."

There are moments in life when the heart begins to burn, not from pain, and not from desire, but from something deeper, from love.

After standing before the mirror of my ego and learning to loosen the chains of self, I began to feel within me a longing that could no longer be ignored. It was a yearning beyond understanding, a call toward the infinite, where nothing in the world could satisfy the heart.

Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi called it love. But this was not the love we speak of in everyday language.

This was a divine fire.

A fire that burns, transforms, and consumes completely.

This was Ishq.

I still remember the day I stood before one of my father's paintings that felt unlike all the others. The canvas seemed alive, filled with fire, movement, and intensity. Deep reds, molten golds, and twilight blues blended into one another as if they were breathing.

The edges were blurred, as though the colors were dissolving into each other, while the center pulsed like a silent flame.

There was chaos, yet within it, a hidden order.
There was intensity, yet within it, a strange stillness.

And within that tension, I found everything I had been searching for.

The painting spoke to my heart.

It said what my mind could not understand.

Love is not soft.
Love burns.
Love dissolves.

Yet from its ashes arise clarity, loyalty, and awakening.

In that moment, the voice of Rumi echoed within me

"Do not lose yourself in your pain. One day, your pain will become your cure."

Every longing within me, every wound, every unnamed desire began to take on meaning. This fire was not punishment.

It was a teacher.

It was illuminating the parts of me that had remained hidden beneath fear, doubt, and attachment.

I began to understand that Ishq does not enter quietly.

It calls.
It challenges.
It transforms.

It burns away falsehood.
It erases superficiality.
It dissolves all boundaries.

Just as my father’s painting had turned an empty canvas into living fire, Ishq transforms the ordinary into something extraordinary.

In that silent moment, I felt that this love was not only within me.

It was around me.
Beyond me.

It was connecting everything

myself, others, and the Divine.

I sat there for a long time, allowing myself to feel it completely.

The longing turned into warmth.
The warmth turned into light.

A light that did not blind, but revealed.

Again, Rumi’s words whispered within me

"Let yourself be drawn by what you truly love. It will not lead you astray."

And that pull was undeniable.

It drew me inward
into reflection

into prayer
into expansion of the heart.

Then a deeper truth revealed itself

Ishq cannot be controlled.
It must be lived.

It does not destroy you.
It carries you beyond yourself.

It melts the ego.
It dissolves fear.
It gives you a new way of being.

For the last time, I looked at the painting.

And I smiled.

Because now I understood

this was not an ending.

This was a beginning.

The heart had begun to speak.
The soul had begun to awaken.

And Ishq
had become the path.

The Language of Silence

"Silence is the language of God. Everything else is a poor translation."

When the fire of Ishq awakened my heart, another veil slowly began to lift, and a deeper truth descended into my inner being. The world may be filled with noise, but the soul speaks its most truthful voice in silence.

This is not the silence that is merely the absence of sound. It is a stillness in which reality reveals itself.

I began to listen.

To the whispers of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi.
To the remembrance hidden within my father's art.
To that unknown call descending into the rhythm of my own heartbeat.

But soon I understood that silence is not only the art of listening.
It is the doorway to surrender.

Silence teaches you to gently hold the noise of your thoughts, to release the illusion of control, and to allow the heart to breathe within a vastness where the sense of "I" begins to dissolve.

It is here that listening becomes worship.
And existence itself becomes a prayer.

One day, I sat before one of my father's most peaceful paintings. Soft blues, muted whites, and delicate touches of silver spread across the canvas like morning dew. There were few lines, and much space, yet that space was not empty. It was full of meaning.

The painting was not speaking loudly.
It was whispering.

And within that whisper, I became still.

In that moment, I realized that silence is not emptiness. It is a profound presence, vast, gentle, and infinite.

Again, the voice of Rumi rose within me

"Be like a tree and let the dead leaves fall."

And in that silence, my burdens began to fall away. My thoughts, my fears, my attachments.

I remained seated, without trying to fill anything, without needing to remove anything.

And within that stillness, I heard the quiet whisper of life itself.

Silence taught me what words never could.

Patience.
Humility.
Trust.

Love without expectation.
Presence without effort.
And God not as an idea, but as a living experience.

For the first time, I understood that life is not always found in noise. Sometimes it exists in those moments where nothing is happening outwardly, yet everything is transforming within.

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I felt my heart expanding, not with excitement, but with recognition.
I felt my soul come into harmony, not through movement, but through stillness.

I dissolved into silence.
And within it, I became whole.

The painting, the moment, and Rumi all merged into a single truth

The soul does not need words.
The heart does not need explanation.
And the Divine does not need sound.

That day, I learned to listen.

Not to people.
Not to circumstances.

But to the silent language within myself.

In that silence, I found patience.
I found love.
And I found myself.

And then I understood

the deepest wisdom often lives in what is never spoken.

Because when silence is truly heard,
it says everything
that words never can.

The Dance of the Soul

"When you do something from the depth of your heart, you feel a river moving within you, a joy, a flow."

After recognizing the depth of silence, another truth revealed itself to me. The soul does not seek stillness alone. It also longs for movement.

Not every awakening is silent. Some awakenings arrive like waves, flowing, alive, and filled with ecstasy. This is the dance of the soul, where surrender meets joy, where love becomes movement, and where every heartbeat carries a touch of the Divine.

One afternoon, I stood before one of my father's paintings that felt alive with motion. Blues and golds moved in swirling circles, as if they were about to leave the canvas and expand into the air. The colors pulsed. The lines rose like waves, flowed like wind, and appeared like music made visible.

This painting was not still.
It was calling.

It was inviting.
It was pulling me inward.

In that moment, I understood

the dance of the soul is not stillness.
It is participation.

It is allowing yourself to enter the rhythm of life, to let the flow of love move through you without resistance, without fear, without control.

At that instant, the words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi came alive within me

"Let yourself be silently drawn by what you truly love. It will not lead you astray."

The painting became a reflection of the movement within me. Every turning line felt like the rhythm of my own heartbeat. Every collision of color mirrored the tension within me, joy and pain, surrender and effort, all woven into a single dance.

And I realized

the dance of the soul is not about perfection.
It is about truth.

It is about moving in harmony with life, even when its rhythm changes, even when the steps feel unfamiliar.

A deep gratitude settled within me

for my father, who captured movement within color,
for Rumi, who brought the soul to life through words,
and for life itself, which allowed me to witness and live this moment.

In that instant, I allowed myself to flow

not with the body,
but with the soul.

My heart became light, and I allowed love, surrender, and joy to guide me.

I felt that no boundary remained between me and the painting, between me and the moment, between me and God.

I had become part of the flow

a rhythm
a movement
an eternal dance.

Then I understood

the dance of the soul is not something that is taught.
It is remembered.

It is not something that is seen.
It is something that is lived.

It does not exist outside.
It lives within.

And it is always present

in silence,
in stillness,
and even in the most ordinary moments of life.

Standing before that living canvas, I smiled and offered a quiet gratitude

for the guidance,
for the love,
for the art,
and for the words that brought me here.

And within that smile, I understood the final truth of this chapter

the soul does not wait.

It is always in motion.
Always alive.
Always ready

to take your hand.

Union — The Oneness of Being.

"You are not a drop in the ocean; you are the entire ocean in a drop."

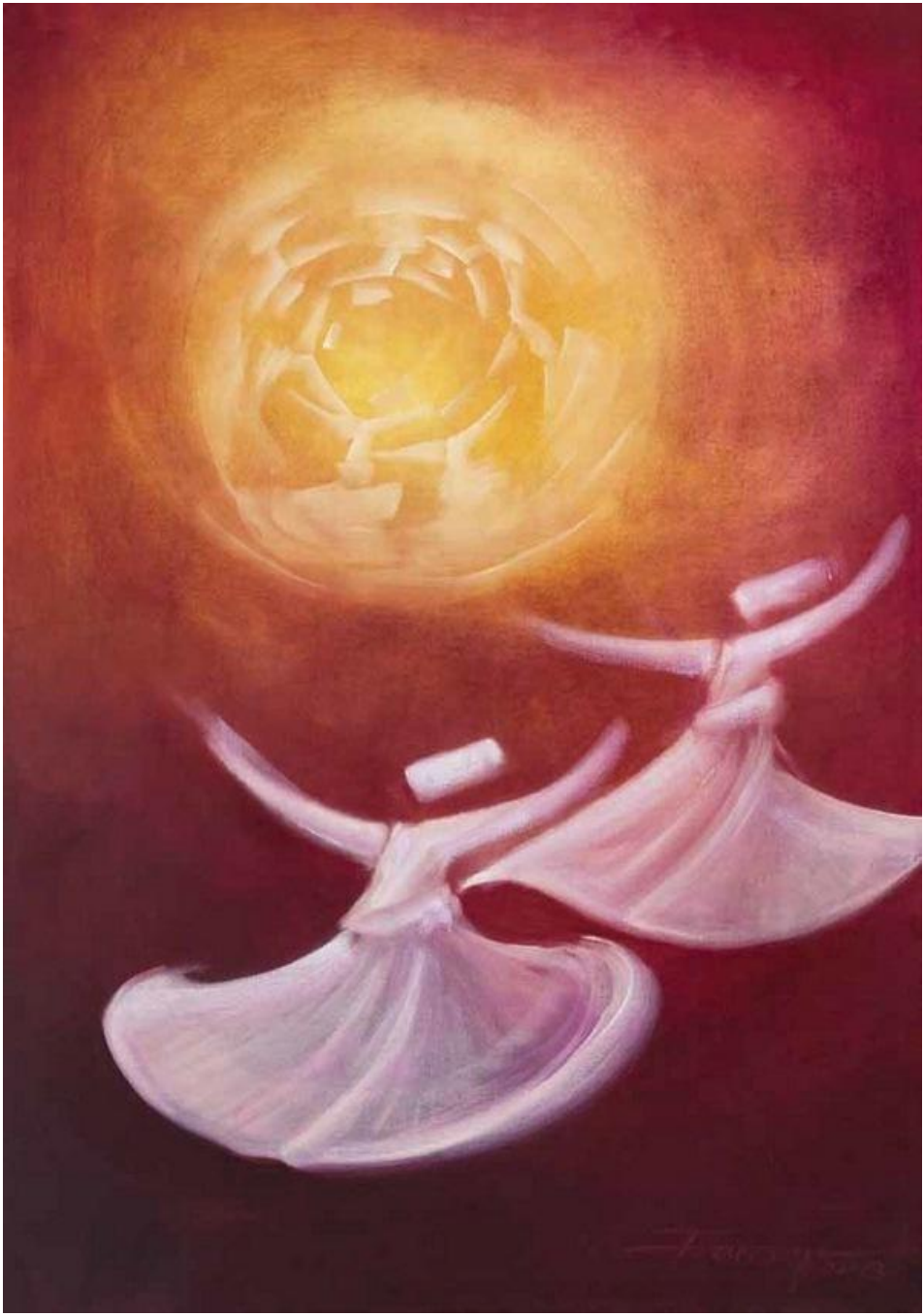
After passing through the stages of fire, reflection, silence, and dance,
this journey arrives at a place

where paths do not end,
but return to their origin.

Where multiplicity loses its identity
and dissolves into unity,
where every distance between the heart, the soul, and God
is revealed to be only an illusion.

This is the place
where the seeker dissolves into the search itself,
and the question settles within as its own answer.

The words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi
are no longer just heard,
but lived.



The silent whispers of my father's art
become remembrance,
and my inner seeking
becomes a prayer.

Here, no separation remains—
neither the observer stands apart,
nor the observed—
all dissolve into the same light.

This is the moment
where existence lets go of itself,
and what remains
is not "I"
but "He."

This is unity,
this is union,
and this is the truth
that words can never fully express—
it can only be felt.

In this inward journey,
"La ilaha illallah"
is no longer just a phrase,
but a living revelation—
understood not through words,
but through experience.

"La" is not merely denial,
but continuous purification—

the negation of everything untrue,
every illusion covering the heart,
every ego that believed itself to be the center,
every support that was never real.

And then “Illallah”
is not just affirmation,
but manifestation—
the unveiling of a reality
that always existed,
yet the eyes could not recognize it.

As one descends into the depth of this revelation,
the heart begins to understand:

There is no existence but Him—
in reality, only He truly exists,
and all else is merely His reflection.

There is no aim but Him—
every desire, every search
ultimately leads to Him,
whether one realizes it or not.

There is no beloved but Him—
what the heart truly longs for
is none other than Him alone.

Then it feels
as if the entire journey
has merged into one truth—

that when everything fades,
only He remains.

This is the secret of unity,
the completion of annihilation,
and the beginning of subsistence.

Where one empties oneself
and is filled with the One.

Where no question remains,
no distance remains—
only a silent presence…
that always was,
and always will be.

I stood before one of my father's paintings
that had always drawn me toward it,
but that day
it revealed itself completely.

It was neither chaotic
nor merely calm—
it was complete harmony.

Golden tones
blended light and depth into one,
soft white
and living brown
flowed together
creating a movement without conflict.

Light and shadow,
motion and stillness,
color and emptiness—
all existed in perfect balance,
as if the universe itself
had become a painting before me.

As I looked at it,
I understood—
this was not just art,
but a reflection of existence,
of the journey of the heart,
of the awakening of the soul,
and of the divine reality
flowing through all things.

Every line, every color, every silent space
reminded me
that everything belongs to one whole,
that multiplicity
is only the expression of unity.

In that moment,
the voice of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi
echoed within me:
“Do not see yourself as limited—
you are a moving universe.”

And then all boundaries within me
began to dissolve—

ego, fear, and attachments
merged into a vast awareness.

I realized
that the fire of love,
the stillness of silence,
and the dance of the soul
are all expressions
of the same truth.

Union was not a distant destination,
but a state present
in this very moment—
an awareness
where one is absorbed
into divine presence.

I closed my eyes
and took a deep breath,
and felt the love
that had accompanied me at every stage—
in Rumi's words,
in my father's colors,
and in the silent presence of life.

This love was not something to hold,
but something to dissolve into,
something to surrender to.

When I opened my eyes again,
it felt as though the painting
had aligned with my heartbeat.

And then I understood—
union is not a moment,
but a continuous awareness,
a living connection
that binds one to everything.

Within this connection,
I found peace,
I found joy,
and I found myself.

I realized
that this journey was never outward,
but inward—
toward the heart,
toward the soul,
toward the love
that was always present.

Paintings, poetry, silence, and fire—
these were not separate lessons,
but different expressions
of one truth:
that God is in everything,
and everything is in God.

A deep gratitude arose within me—
for this journey,
for this art,
for Rumi,
and for the silent guidance
that life itself had given.

And in that moment,
I understood
that I had not reached an end,
but a new beginning.

Because union is not a destination—
it is a state,
a way of seeing,
a way of feeling,
and a level of love
where one becomes limitless.

Only a silent presence
that has always been
and will always remain.

Living in Union

"Be like a tree. Let the dry leaves fall. Stand tall. Embrace the sky. Root yourself deeply in love, and keep giving without expectation."

Union is not a destination, nor is it a single moment of illumination. It is a way of living, a state that is born with every breath.

After feeling the fire of Ishq, seeing myself in the mirror of silence, and living the dance of the soul, I came to understand that awakening cannot remain limited to thought or understanding. It must be lived. It must be embodied. It must be expressed through every action of one's being.

I entered my father's studio.

It was the same quiet space where light rested gently upon the canvas, where every painting carried a story within it. But now, those stories were no longer only about art. They were about life, about love, about connection.

In that moment, I understood

living union is like creating a painting.

Every decision, every relationship, every moment is a brushstroke that shapes the masterpiece of existence.

The fire of love was still alive within my heart, but it was no longer just a feeling. It began to appear in my way of being, in my gentleness, in my patience, in my giving.

Silence had taught me to pause, to listen, to be present. The dance of the soul had taught me to flow, in joy, in surrender, and in that unnamed beauty hidden within every moment.

The voice of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi continued to echo within me

"Melt yourself like snow so that the layers of the self may be washed away."

And in that melting, I realized

life was no longer something to pass through.
It had become worship.

Work transformed into service.
Relationships became mirrors and teachers.

Even the ordinary moments became sacred experiences.

I began to understand that creation itself is an act of devotion. My father's paintings were not merely colors. They were prayers.

And my own actions, writing, thinking, creating, helping others, all became a connection, a silent dialogue between the heart and the Divine.

To live union is not to attain perfection.
It is to embrace balance.

It is to accept one's imperfections with love, to face challenges with awareness, and to allow love to guide every state of being.

Each day became a practice

of presence
of remembrance
of living this truth

that union is not something to be achieved
it is something to be lived.

I found myself returning again and again to my father's art and to Rumi's words, not to learn something new, but to remember what had already come alive within me.

And so, the journey continues

in every breath
in every thought
in every act of love

where the fire of Ishq, the stillness of silence, the dance of the soul, and the light of awareness flow together.

I came to know

life itself is a canvas

and we are both its painters
and its expression

both the poet
and the poem.

To live union is to remain awake in every moment, present in every feeling, and aware of love in every breath

for oneself
for others
and for the Divine that lives within all things.

And with this awareness, I move forward

with an open heart
with a brush in my hand
and a soul ready

to continue this sacred dance.

Knowing that union is neither behind nor ahead

it is here

in this moment
in this breath
in this heartbeat.

Yet within the peace of this union, another deeper mystery was hidden.

This was not an ending.
It was another doorway.

A doorway leading toward a truth where love reveals itself in its ultimate form.

I began to feel

that even after union, something remains

something not yet fully understood.

Because when one experiences this closeness, a quiet question begins to arise

Where am I within this nearness

And from that question

a new journey begins

a journey where one begins to lose oneself
in order to find truth

where the “I” slowly fades
and a new life begins to emerge

This is where love reaches its ultimate intensity

and opens yet another door

the door of فنا

and beyond that door
the light of بقا awaits.

From Fana to Baqa

"What you think you are is the greatest barrier on your path. When you dissolve yourself, truth begins to reveal itself within you."

One day, I realized that union does not bring stillness.
It is a fire—one that burns the seeker, reducing every false identity to ashes.

I once believed that reaching union was enough.
But the truth was far deeper.
After union, I could no longer remain as I was.

The one I called “myself”—
my desires,
my identity,
my efforts—
began to fall apart,
as if unseen walls within me were quietly collapsing.

At first, fear arose.
Because I felt that I was disappearing.

But then a moment came when I stopped resisting.
I surrendered myself to the One who knows me better than I know myself.

And in that surrender, I understood:

Fana is not death.
It is the moment when a person is freed from the prison of the self.

It was a strange state.
I was dissolving—
yet for the first time, I felt light.

Everything I had held onto as my truth began to fall away.
And with every fall, a new light entered within me.

I realized—
I was not ending.
I was transforming.
A transformation born not in noise, but in silence.

Then one day, I discovered a peace I had never known before.

Because this peace did not come from gaining—
it came from losing.

I lost my will
and found His رضا.
I lost my identity
and found a truth beyond all names.

And then I understood
what **Baqa** truly is.

Baqa is not what the world gives.
Baqa is what remains after Fana.

It is a life where one is alive—
yet no longer living as oneself.

One walks—
but the steps are not one's own.
One speaks—
but the words are not one's own.
One lives—
but the life is not one's own.

And this is Baqa.
This is true freedom—
to become empty of self,
and filled with Truth.

Then I felt the words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi descend within me:

Fana is not the destruction of the self.
It is the breaking of the illusion that the self is separate.

Rumi teaches that a human being is not a drop separate from the ocean.
He is the ocean
that has forgotten itself.

Fana is the moment when the drop is freed from the illusion of separateness,

and falls into the ocean—
realizing it was never separate.

And Baqa—
Baqa is the awareness that arises after this union.

Where one continues to exist,
but not as an isolated self—
rather as the expression of a Reality
that flows through all things.

Rumi reminds us:

As long as “I” remains,
the veil remains.
And when “I” dissolves,
only the Real remains.

This is Fana—
the dissolving of selfhood.

And this is Baqa—
abiding in the Divine Presence.

At this stage,
there is no desire to gain,
no fear of loss—

because one realizes:

What always was… is still.
And what remains… is only Him.

This is the secret
that words cannot hold—
but the heart recognizes completely.

And then… I saw my father's painting.

In that moment, it did not feel like I was looking at art—
it felt as though I was witnessing a state.

The figure was not standing; it was folding into itself,
as if the "I" had grown weary of its own existence.

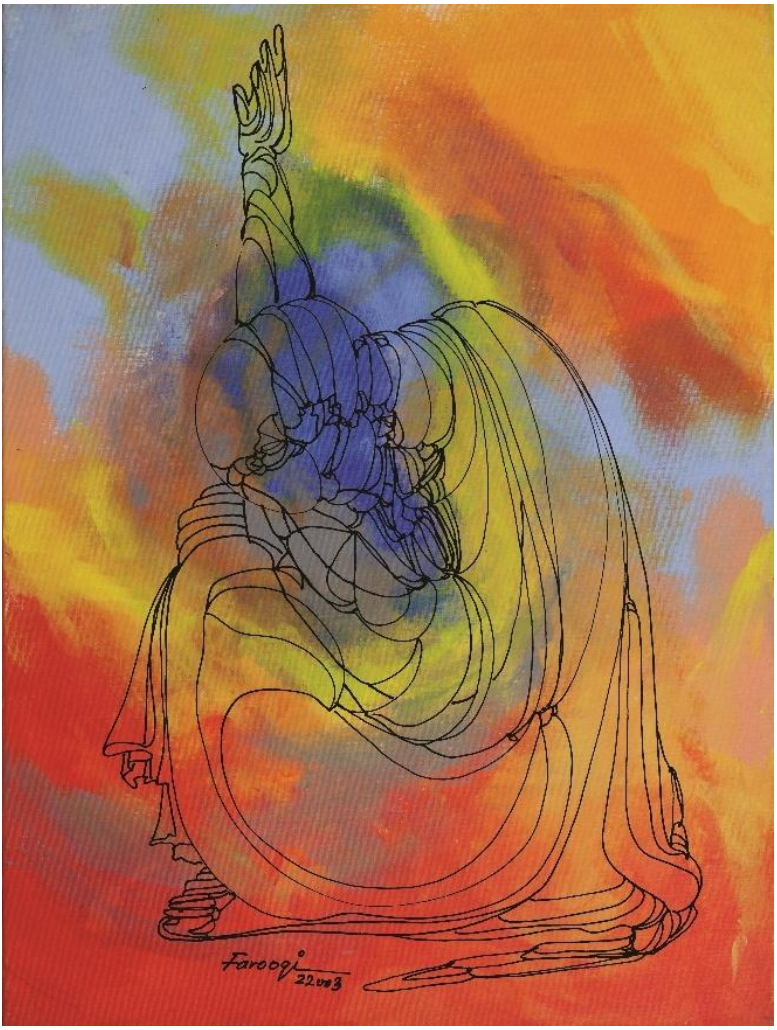
This was **Fana**—
the silent disappearance of the self,
where identity bends and begins to dissolve.

Yet, the raised hand told another story.
Even in this vanishing, there was a direction…
a subtle indication toward something beyond.

And then I understood—
when the self is gone,
what remains is not emptiness, but presence.

This is **Baqa**…
to remain, not as yourself, but as Him.

In that moment, the painting was no longer his…
it had become a mirror.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The Journey Continues.

"Surrender yourself silently to the pull of what you truly love. It will not lead you astray."

As I close the pages of this journey, a quiet light awakens within my heart,
as if nothing has truly ended and everything is still unfolding.

I begin to understand that *Bazgasht-e-Rumi* is not merely a story,
but a living experience—
a breath that continues within me,
a heartbeat that echoes through my being,
and a silent divine whisper that has guided me at every step.

From the first subtle calling to the mirror of my own existence,
from the burning fire of love to the deep stillness of silence,
from the ecstatic dance of the soul to the mystery of annihilation and subsistence,
this journey has not arrived at an end.

Instead, it has led me into a state of awareness
where union is no longer a destination,
but a way of being.

I now see that this path is not about walking,
but about melting;
not about gaining,
but about losing.

And within that losing,
there is a meeting beyond words,
where one dissolves out of oneself
and becomes aligned with the truth
that has always lived within.

My father's art remained my silent companion
throughout this journey.

Every line, every color, every empty space
became a reflection of my inner path,
teaching me patience, truth, surrender,
and a form of joy that cannot be contained in words—
a language not spoken, but felt.

In the same way, the words of Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi
became both my guide and my companion—

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light in moments of darkness,
and a mirror in moments of clarity.

He showed me that the heart sees what the mind cannot,
that love is the only true path,
and that surrender is the doorway to freedom.

Then a deeper realization dawned upon me—
this journey was never mine alone.

It belongs to every heart
that has ever heard its own whisper,
felt an unnamed longing,
and stepped beyond appearances
in search of truth.

If you close this book,
perhaps you will carry this understanding with you:

that the heart is a guide,
the ego is a teacher,
love is a fire,
silence is a language,
the soul is always in motion,
and union lives in every breath, every moment,
and every act of love.

And above all—
that life itself is a canvas.

We are both its painters and its expression,
both the poet and the poem.

This journey does not end.

It continues in every heartbeat,
every breath,
every moment of awareness.

And when you begin to feel it,
you realize—
you are part of this story too.

"This story does not end here… and perhaps, that is where the true beginning lies."